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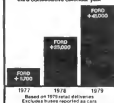
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A FOREST PRIMEVAL and other wonders are to be found in New York's Adirondack Park, which encompasses the site of the Winter Games. Robert H. Boyle writes of the park's rich history, present glories and the worrisome threat posed by acid rain.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If ever a journalist was born to the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, it's Stan Isaacs, whose parents provided him with the perfect initials for the job and a childhood in sports-mad Brooklyn. The young S.I., whose column on televised golf coverage appears on page 88, became a self-described "sidewalk Olympian" and was, his mother says, "a walking encyclopedia of sports by 11."

Now 50 and a columnist for the Long Island paper *Newsday*, Isaacs first won journalistic notice when, while serving as sports editor of Brooklyn College's *The Vanguard*, he submitted a story to the old New York *Star* in which he referred to the school's football team as "a minor league Powerhouse." His editor thought that an unusually subtle line for a college boy—editors were more impressionable in those days—and on its merits hired Isaacs as a copyboy. The *Star* folded soon thereafter. Isaacs graduated in 1950 and was hired by New York's *Daily Compass*, which also went under, though not before Isaacs covered the game in which Bobby Thomson hit the famous home run that won the pennant for the Giants.

In 1954 Isaacs joined the staff of *Newsday*, only two months after *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* published issue No. 1. The young S.I. had even sent in a suggestion for a name for the new sports magazine—Arenas.

Isaacs' column this week is his sixth for us on TV and radio sports, and his current assignment for *Newsday* is a column called "TV Sports," which appears three times a week. He began writing it two years ago, after attending something like 20 World Series and seven Super Bowls. "By then I really knew the business of sports," he says, "and the exciting part of my new assignment was the television business." Earlier, during a stint as *Newsday's* sports editor, Isaacs had advised his reporters at big games to phone the office, where the editors would be watching on TV. Isaacs recalls that "sometimes they would have seen something that our guy in the press box missed."

In his 25 years with *Newsday* Isaacs has achieved many distinctions—among them a National Headliners Award in 1963 for his writing—and his work appeared in 11 consecutive editions of the anthology *Best Sports Stories of the Year*. But he seems proudest of his annual April Fools' Day column, "The Isaacs Ratings of Esoteric Distinction." Isaacs, who claims to be "one of the world's great authorities on chocolate ice cream," has picked Hagen-Daz as the best in that business. He has also rated statues of lions (The New York Public Library's are tops), odd names for players (Pretzels Pezzullo, the Phillies pitcher of the '30s, is his all-time favorite) and New England states—Isaacs' 19-year-old daughter, Eilyn, is a sophomore at Brown, so Rhode Island is currently No. 1. She works on the *Brown Daily Herald*, where, her father says, she is "a demon news reporter." S.I. also tells us she might be coming to New York in a few years to look for a job. Remember that name: Eilyn Isaacs. Hmm. Too bad her name isn't Sue.



ISAACS: SIDEWALK OLYMPIAN STILL AT IT

Robert F. Sutton

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

MOSCOW '80: AN OLYMPICS UNDER SIEGE

The Carter Administration last week appeared to be stiffening its resolve to use the 1980 Summer Olympics as a weapon in response to the Soviet Union's intervention in Afghanistan. The White House apparently was becoming ever more convinced that by spoiling the U.S.S.R.'s elaborate plans for the Moscow Games, it could deal a stunning blow to the Kremlin. Vice-President Mondale, for example, told of reading a column in *The Washington Post* claiming that a cancellation or major disruption of the Olympics would send shock waves through Soviet society, thereby challenging the legitimacy of Kremlin rule. Mondale said he was so impressed by the column that he phoned President Carter and urged him to read it.

Still very much alive was the possibility that the President would call for a boycott of the Games, a prospect he raised in a speech two weeks ago (SCORECARD, Jan. 14). As one Administration official said last week, "Obviously if Soviet tanks are still rolling through the streets of Kabul, there's not going to be an Olympic atmosphere. It will remind the world of Nazi Germany and the 1936 Olympics." Although opposed to a boycott at present, even U.S. Olympic Committee officials conceded that there conceivably could be circumstances—presumably, a break in diplomatic relations or worse—under which the U.S. could not participate. On Sunday the Carter Administration dispatched Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher to Europe to consult with U.S. allies about a possible boycott. Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia, which has already announced a boycott of the Summer Games, intends to urge concerted action at a meeting of Islamic foreign ministers later this month.

Also coming in for growing discussion was the option of holding the Olympics someplace other than Moscow. Campaigning in Iowa, Mondale expressed his "personal belief" that the Games should be moved to another site, such as Mu-

nach or Montreal, where facilities are in place from the last two Olympics. Also in Iowa, Rosalynn Carter said flatly that the Games "ought to be moved." Although the President himself said nothing more on the subject publicly, it was becoming increasingly clear that he felt the Games should not be held in Moscow as long as Soviet forces remained in Afghanistan. Carter also was reported to be mulling over the possibility of urging that the Games be spread among several sites—say, the gymnastics in Japan, the boxing in Cuba, the track and field in the U.S.

It was apparent that the Administration had not yet fully thought out the implications of trying to move the Olympics. As Olympic officials were quick to point out, the Games can be shifted only by the International Olympic Committee, and the prospects of that happening are dim. Moreover, the Soviet Union would almost surely boycott a transplanted Games, as would its allies as well as nonaligned countries unwilling to risk Moscow's disfavor. The result would be an Olympics hardly worthy of the name. An Olympics scattered over many sites would be even more of a misnomer: they would amount to, at best, world championships, something already routinely held in most sports.

There would also be formidable logistical and political problems in finding another location even if the Games were delayed a month or two. Japanese authorities were so aghast at the enormity of staging the Games—which if all countries participate involve 13,000 athletes and thousands of support personnel—on such short notice that they would not even discuss the possibility of using facilities built for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Mexico City, the scene of the '68 Games, is also out; the word is that the Mexicans would be no more willing to host an exiled Olympics than they were an exiled shah. In the case of Munich, its Olympic Village has long since been converted to middle-income housing,

and the city's hotel space for next summer is booked solid. As with the Mexicans, West German officials indicate that a relocated Olympics would be too hot to handle politically.

That leaves Montreal. Last week, in the midst of an election campaign, Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark offered to "take a lead" in shifting the Games to another site and said he had consulted with Mayor Jean Drapeau about the possibility of holding them in Montreal. Although the National League would no doubt cooperate in moving the Expos out of Olympic Stadium, a remaining obstacle is that Montreal's Olympic Village, like Munich's, now has people living in it. Jim Worrall, one of Canada's two IOC members, says, "I don't think Montreal or any other city is in a position to hold the Games on such short notice." Worrall and other Canadians remember only too vividly that Montreal had six years to prepare for the '76 Games and came within a hairsbreadth of not making it.

Moving the Games poses one further problem. The logic in threatening to boycott the Games is that such an action could still be carried out practically on the eve of the Olympics, which are now scheduled to begin July 19. Or, better still, it might not have to be carried out at all. By contrast, assuming that a site could somehow be found, the logistical problems of shifting the Olympics would require acting in the next few weeks. If a decision were reached before next month's Winter Olympics, the Soviets and their allies could certainly be expected to boycott Lake Placid. In any event, the U.S. would be playing its hand months earlier than it really had to. Whatever the Administration does, there is a chance that the '80 Games—and perhaps the Olympic movement—could be reduced to a shambles. Given the special meaning the Olympics hold for people the world over, it will be a shame if that happens. It will be even more of a shame if it happens unnecessarily.

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THE ULTIMATE AUTHORITY

At its 74th convention last week in New Orleans, the NCAA decided to conduct championships for women at the Division II and III levels in five sports: basketball, tennis, swimming, field hockey and volleyball. The action, which will take effect in the 1981-82 academic year, greatly distressed the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, which was meeting concurrently in Washington. The AIAW, which has governed women's sports since its creation in 1971, said it was considering legal action against the NCAA. AIAW delegates accused the NCAA of plotting a takeover of women's athletics, a fear that was hardly dispelled by NCAA Secretary-Treasurer James Frank, who said, "I don't think there's any question it would be favorable for an individual institution to have a single organization governing men's and women's athletics to deal with."

Frank is probably right about that. It makes little sense for collegiate sports to operate under often conflicting sets of rules for men and women—or, for that matter, to hold separate conventions. It may even be that Frank's organization, which is older and richer than the AIAW, is the logical one to do the unifying. But any claim the NCAA might have to leadership in female athletics is considerably diminished by the fact that it has been notably unsympathetic to women's sports, consistently resisting efforts to apply Title IX (the law outlawing sex discrimination in federally assisted schools) to athletes. Having lost that battle, however, the NCAA now indicates that it sees the handwriting on the wall. One can only hope that Frank faithfully reflects revised NCAA thinking when he says that in light of Title IX, women should "participate fully in intercollegiate sports."

All that aside, there is something troubling about the fact that the NCAA move into women's sports occurs at a time of growing concern about its administration of men's sports. Continued revelations of recruiting abuses, the spreading academic-transcript scandal and the shocking influence exercised by booster club members lend urgency to the old question of whether institutions of higher education belong in the business of big-time entertainment, which college sports have long since become. In fairness to both the NCAA and AIAW, the answer to

that question must come ultimately not from these organizations but from the colleges and universities that make up their membership. Unless educators come to grips with what intercollegiate sport—and education—is all about, it won't much matter which association handles the administrative details.

DANCING THE CINCINNATI TWO-STEP

In 1972 Vince Chickerella was hired as basketball coach at the University of Cincinnati but mysteriously backed out just hours before the press conference at which his appointment was to have been announced. The same year, Dan Radakovich was hired as the Bearcats' football coach and actually made it to his press conference—but quit five days later. And in 1976 the peripatetic Lou Saban resigned after only 19 days as Cincinnati's athletic director.

Last week Bearcat fans were reeling



from yet another abrupt about-face, only in this case basketball coach Ed Badger announced he would stay, thereby rescinding a two-day-old decision to resign. Badger said he had quit "in utter frustration," which was perhaps understandable. Cincinnati is currently in the second year of a two-year NCAA probation for recruiting violations that occurred under Badger's predecessors, and last season, his first, the Bearcats struggled to a 13-14 record, their first sub-.500 finish in more than a quarter of a century. This season Cincinnati got off to a 6-4 start but then lost two players for ac-

ademic reasons, including starting Center Dave Duarte.

Badger claimed that both players might have remained eligible if they had received better academic counseling. He was persuaded to stay put only after the university administration promised to set up a more attentive counseling program, and after Bearcat fans pledged their unwavering devotion. It was encouraging that at week's end neither the administration, the fans nor Badger had changed their minds—yet.

CDN FILM FESTIVAL

Controversy still raged last week over the disputed end-zone call in Pittsburgh's 27-13 victory over Houston in the NFL's American Conference championship game. Commissioner Pete Rozelle wouldn't concede that Side Judge Donald Orr had erred in nullifying an apparent third-period touchdown pass to Houston's Mike Renfro that likely would have led to a 17-17 tie. Instead, Rozelle came forward with film taken by an end-zone camera that, he said, showed that Renfro had bobbled the ball. "From the vantage point of this film, it is reasonable to see how Orr made the call," he said. "Renfro didn't appear to have possession until he was out of bounds."

No matter how often the projectionist ran the film, however, the play still looked suspiciously like a lot of touchdown passes that have counted in the NFL. It remained for a Houston television station, KPRC, to put the film and Rozelle's interpretation of it in perspective. At the end of the newscast that carried the commissioner's presentation, the following credit was buried in a listing of the producer, director and various technicians: "Film Critic, Pete Rozelle."

THEY SAID IT

- Red Smith, *The New York Times'* sports columnist, on what he intended to do about the fact that his editor had killed a column in which he urged that the U.S. boycott the Olympics: "I'll write about the infelicitous fly rule."
- Ray Fisher, a Chrysler Corp. executive, presenting Nancy Lopez with a trophy honoring her as the LPGA's player of the year: "At least one of us had a good year."
- Tom McVie, coach of the Winnipeg Jets, on the improved Buffalo Sabres: "They've got the same people as last year, but not the same players."

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 21, 1990

DEPAUL IS DEONE





As in No. 1. The team is unbeaten, thanks to its wily coach, his son the recruiter and homegrown Chicago talent like Mark Aguirre (shooting against Marquette) by **LARRY KEITH**

Skip Dillard couldn't understand it. He wanted to get down and get funky. He wanted to whoop and holler. He wanted to climb on the bus, ride back home to Chicago and, as he put it, "find a couple of women and party." But elsewhere in the DePaul dressing room, Mark Aguirre was worrying over a sore hand, Clyde Bradshaw was holding an ice bag

to his left knee, and the rest of Dillard's teammates were silently taking off their uniforms. Dillard clapped his hands twice and yelled "No. 1!" No one paid any attention. He did it again. Still no response. Finally, exasperated, he declared, "Y'all don't seem like you're too happy to be No. 1."

Well, they were and they weren't. After defeating Marquette 92-85 in Milwaukee last Saturday night to assure themselves of this week's top collegiate

basketball ranking, most of the DePaul Blue Demons were either too tired, too relieved or too wary about the future to celebrate their lofty status. "It's good to be No. 1, but we want to stay there," said Bradshaw, Dillard's playmaking backcourt partner. "We can't let ourselves be overcome," said Center Terry Cummings. "Then we might think we're more than just a basketball team."

But if any team in the country has the right to be proud, it is DePaul. The Blue Demons have defeated UCLA, Missouri and Marquette on the road this season, and they haven't lost at home in the last three seasons. Their 12-0 record—the best DePaul start in 16 years—makes them one of only two unbeaten teams in the country (the other is Syracuse). And now they are No. 1 for the first time ever, because last week Duke, the only team ranked ahead of them, lost twice while they themselves were beating Ball State 96-79 and then the Warriors.

The one person who might object to DePaul's high station is Ray Meyer, the 66-year-old coach who last month won the 600th game of his 38-year career. Meyer voted his team fourth in last week's UPI coach's poll, and he said he was considering third for this week. "We're not a super team," he says. "There's at least 15 on par with us. But we're getting better, and we're going to be a helluva team by tournament time."

Begging your pardon, coach, but Mark Aguirre (pronounced Uh-gwire) considers the Blue Demons to be a helluva team right now. "I have no doubt we will win the national championship this year," says the team's marvelous forward, "but being No. 1 at any stage of the season is a big accomplishment. There's something special about that number."

And "24" is a special number, as well, because it happens to be the one on Aguirre's uniform. Marquette tried to stop him last Saturday with a man-to-man defense, but that is foolhardy unless the lone defender happens to be The Incredible Hulk. Against the Warriors, 6' 7", 235-pound Aguirre twisted, turned and spun for a season-high 36 points to increase his average to 25.8 per game. Let it be known that Aguirre has succeeded Michigan State's Magic Johnson as college basketball's most entertaining player.

Aguirre received some unexpected support against Marquette from Dillard, who scored a season-high 23 points. Be-

Freshman Teddy Grabbs here blocking a Warrior shot vs another Chicagoan who stayed at home



tween them the two former high school teammates made 21 of 25 free throws. Meanwhile, the crafty Bradshaw dealt out 10 assists, raising his season's total to 83, and Cummings maintained his team rebounding lead with eight.

DePaul's success is a tribute to the quality of players in the Chicago public high school leagues. Of the six Blue Demons who see considerable action, only two, senior Forward Jim Mitchem from Albuquerque and junior Bradshaw of East Orange, N.J., didn't grow up riding the "el." Aguirre and Dillard are sophomores who played at Westinghouse High, and Cummings and Teddy Grubbs are freshmen who starred at Carver and Martin Luther King, respectively.

Of course, Chicago has been producing outstanding players for years, but until recently DePaul wasn't getting many of them. Meyer used to depend on friends and alumni to recommend players because he didn't have the inclination or the resources to go find them himself. This began to change, however, in 1971, when one of his better Chicago-bred players agreed to become a part-time—and later Meyer's first full-time—assistant coach. That player was his son Joe.

Ray gave "Joey" a budget of \$3,000 and said "Go get 'em, boy." But Joe didn't have the slightest idea of how to do it.

"The first few years I was in a daze," he says. "I didn't know what it was all about. Plus, we didn't have much to sell because we hadn't been winning. So when I went in to talk to a top local player like Bo Ellis, it was a joke. I was out of my league."

Ellis went on to Marquette and helped win the national championship in 1977. But by 1977-78 DePaul had put together enough talent of its own to go 27-3. The star of that team was Dave Corzine, a big center from Chicago who had been considered a disciplinary risk by many colleges. "A lot of people said we were taking a chance with Dave," Joe Meyer says, "but with him we began to turn the corner. The player who finally changed everything was Aguirre."

Joe Meyer recruited Aguirre—and Dillard—almost by accident. During their junior year at Westinghouse, Meyer was in hot pursuit of their senior teammate Eddie Johnson. Aguirre was hoping to go to Marquette in two years, but when Al McGuire announced his resign-

ation, effective at the end of that season, Aguirre began to listen to what Meyer was telling Johnson about DePaul. "I liked his approach," Aguirre recalls. "He said DePaul was building a program, and he didn't try to win you with the limelight. Eddie went to Illinois because he wanted to go away to school, but I decided I wanted to stay in Chicago and go to DePaul."

Because Aguirre and Dillard had already pretty much decided to attend the same school, Joe Meyer found himself with not one player but two. After so many recruiting disappointments, however, he refused to take anything for granted, so he made a point of watching every one of their high school games. "I kept telling him I was coming and that he should go get us somebody to play with," says Aguirre, "but I don't guess he believed me."

In fact, Meyer felt it was too good to be true. "Getting Mark meant a lot to me personally, because I had taken so much abuse," says Joe. "The only problem was that it was too early to tell anybody we had him. People would tell me I didn't have a chance at him, and I just bit my tongue."

Aguirre's greatest importance, says Meyer, was that he "opened the door to the public league." By enrolling, he proved that Chicago's best talent not only could be attracted to DePaul, but that they also could make the basketball team nationally prominent. Last year, while Dillard improved his grades at Casper (Wyo.) Junior College, Aguirre averaged 24 points a game and led the Blue Demons to third place in the NCAA tournament. None of this was lost on another pair of Chicago high school stars, Grubbs and Cummings. Nor were their performances lost on the DePaul coaches.

A few years ago Joe Meyer might not have wasted his time going after players of their ability. Grubbs had starred since his sophomore year, becoming a high school All-American as a senior. Cummings had been a late developer, but private preschool workouts with his high school coach had turned him into a top prospect, too. They were both big and strong and talented, just the type DePaul never used to get. But this time the Blue Demons did get them, and they have already played leading roles in the team's success.

Ray Meyer realizes that local recruiting success has brought DePaul into a



Meyer made a winning move in hiring son Joe

new era of competitiveness. "Everything has changed," he says. "Until recently, I don't think we were ever able to take a kid away from Notre Dame or a Big Ten school. We were in the Dark Ages. Now we're able to recruit for a particular position and even go after the best players outside of Chicago. It's an amazing thing what Joe has done with our resources."

The younger Meyer has developed a recruiting strategy that seems to work just fine. "I sell DePaul, and Coach sells himself," says Joe. Ray says, "I just sit there and smile and try to recruit the mother."

Of course, DePaul is not getting all the local talent. The school finished second to Indiana last year in the wooing of freshman star Isiah Thomas. "I saw Thomas play 12 times, and that's 12 more times than I had watched anybody play in some other years," says Ray Meyer. "Every time Joe sees an open date on my calendar, he sends me off someplace."

But the effort is paying off. Glenn Rivers, from suburban Chicago, one of the best guards in the country, is said to be leaning toward DePaul, and the day before the Marquette game, another guard, Dickie Beal of Covington, Ky., called to say he would be coming in September.

As DePaul is finding out, when a team is on top, good things just naturally happen. Not just in your hometown, but all over the country.

END

SUPER? THIS TIME CALL IT THE CRUNCH BOWL

Pittsburgh always comes up big in the big games, and XIV is nothing but a biggie. Ergo, when it's all over Sunday, Los Angeles will be rammed, bammed and slammed

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Students of blowout football aren't asking who's going to win when the Steelers play the Rams Sunday in Super Bowl XIV. They just want to know how bad it's going to be.

Could be bad, folks. Real bad. Right now they're not betting on a decision, they're just trying to predict which round the knockout will come in. I haven't heard such negative forecasts since the Colts played the Jets in Super Bowl III.

Hey, the underdog Jets won that one straight up, didn't they? Different era, though. And that was a sociological contest. The old-line NFL faces turned to concrete in the owners' boxes. Now the sociology has gone full circle, and you find the same kind of smugness coming out of the AFC people.

The only kind of knock you hear against the Steelers is a "what if?" What if they come up flat? What if they take the Rams for granted? Of course, you heard "what if?" before they played Miami in the first playoff game, too. Sorry, Dolphins, no flats today, 34-14. Crunch. You heard it before their AFC championship game against Houston. After all, they had played the Oilers so many times before. It was interesting for a while, then 27-13, Crunch.

And it was crunch all through the Steelers' playoffs last year, too. No contest in the first two, and 35-17 over Dallas in the fourth quarter of Super Bowl XIII, before they loosened the reins and let the horses run. The Steelers—three for three in Super Bowls—simply do not come up flat when they smell postseason money. No, wait a minute, they did come up flat twice in their eight years of playoff history—in 1973 vs. Oakland and in 1977 vs. Denver, when Pittsburgh was a club strangely divided. Contract hassles, the coach in court, thank-you gifts sent to Houston for knocking Cincinnati out of the hunt. Very un-Steelersish. But since then it's been crunchball.

And what about the Rams? They are

a 9-7 team, the first team with so many losses to reach an NFL title match. But they come into the Rose Bowl snarling and snapping at those faint-of-hearts who wrote them off at midseason, when everybody was hurt and they were sinking into the Pacific, those fair-weather fans who stifled them when they were poor but love them now that they're rich.

After the Rams shut out Tampa Bay 9-0 in the NFC championship game, Jim Youngblood, their line left linebacker, stared glumly at the scene in front of him. "Now we're playing Pittsburgh back home," he said, "and a lot of people are going to be jumping back on the bandwagon. We have nothing to prove to those people. We just have to prove things to ourselves. I just hope all those writers who bad-mouthed us and all the people in Los Angeles who gave up on us eat soap for the rest of their lives."

Atta boy, Jim. Buckle up your chinstrap and get ready. This is a hungry team that knows how to hold fast. When things were darkest, when the Rams were 5-6 and trailing New Orleans by a game, destiny finally smiled. They won their next four, although all against teams with losing records, three of them the dregs of the NFC West, a division known as L.A. and the Three Stooges. And the Saints chose that time to pull an el fido.

"I guess the lowest point in my coaching career," says Bud Carson, L.A.'s defensive coordinator, "came in the Sunday-night game at Dallas in October. Everybody was going down. Don Ryczek, our long snapper for punts and field goals, ended up trying to block Randy White from the guard position. Our defensive backs kept getting hurt. I had no nickel back to put in against their shotgun. For a while I even thought we were going to have to play a three-deep secondary. After the first quarter I told Ray Mulavasi, 'It's all over.'"

The next week L.A. got killed by San Diego. Then the Rams lost to the Gi-

ants. Every day Mulavasi would read the papers to see if he still had a job. Georgia Rosenbloom, the owner, had already fired her stepson, Steve, and put Harold Guiver, another one of the team's four vice-presidents, on waivers. She had mentioned that it had been a mistake to fire George Allen in the summer of 1978. George kept his bags packed, waiting for the phone call.

Dark, dark days, and when you talk about the Rams' chances against Pittsburgh, you almost have to get into the metaphysical. How can a team that had sunk so low finish so high? How, for





When struck by injuries, the Steelers don't panic; they just unleash players such as Dirt Wooten, Rocky Bleier and Steve Courson and send 'em in

instance, did they manage to beat the Cowboys—at Dallas—in the first playoff game? For one thing, they rallied around their veterans: Defensive End Jack Youngblood, who broke a leg in the first quarter (actually it was a hairline fracture of the left fibula); Jim Youngblood, who has recurring pain from a shoulder injury; Safety Dave Elmendorf, neck; Cornerback Rod Perry, concussion, bad knee. They all played. They'll all play Sunday.

The Rams went into a seven-back prevent defense against Roger Staubach and the Dallas shotgun. It worked. "We're prepared for it, but I don't think they'll

use it against us," says Rolfe Dutsch, the Pittsburgh offensive line coach. "There's no running threat off the shotgun, so you can play the pass exclusively. But we'll run the ball on third-and-long." Translation: Franco Harris and Sidney Thornton and Rocky Bleier would ruin a seven-back prevent.

Finally, the Rams beat the Cowboys with their two-minute offense. In the first half it consisted of four pass plays, ending in a circus TD catch by Ron Smith. In the second half, with 2:16 left, L.A.'s two-minute offense consisted of one pass, a 50-yard TD play from Vince Ferraga-

mo to Billy Waddy. The Rams' two-minute offense is built on the miraculous, or as Steeler Assistant Head Coach George Perles says, "They go deep, fast and long and try to outfight you for the ball. They're not going to try to pick you. They want to get it done in a hurry, and that's what you have to worry about with Ferragamo, the tone he can put on the ball when he throws deep."

There's nothing smooth about the Rams' offense, although it has looked a little better since Wendell Tyler got his sea legs. The key to the Rams' attack used to be the Slob Sweep—everybody pull

continued



The Ram defense (Larry Brooks, Jack Youngblood and Nolan Cromwell) carries the offense (Wendell Tyler, Vince Farrisano and Colten Bryant).

SUPER BOWL PREVIEW *continued*

out and look for the strangle. The linemen would push off on their blocks and lie all over you. Octopus left, octopus right. High school coaches in the stands would cover their linemen's eyes. The Rams have tried to clean up the Slob Sweep this season, bringing in Dan Radakovich to teach the linemen formal techniques and also to put in the intricate trap-block system he helped perfect at Pittsburgh. At times the linemen show their new precision, but at other times it looks like the same old Slob Sweep.

Radakovich is one-third of the Pittsburgh Connection on the Rams' coaching staff; he worked there for four years. The other two parts are Carson, who ran the Steelers' defense for six years, and Lionel Taylor, who coached their receivers for seven. There is little about the Steeler operation that will be unknown to the Rams. Radakovich is known as the Mad Scientist and has a mind totally tuned in to the gridiron. When Terry Bradshaw used to call the press box from the sideline, he'd say, "Earth to Rad. Earth to Rad. Come in, Rad." They tell the story of Radakovich coming home from practice one night totally exhausted, going into the kitchen for a beer and turning on the TV set—and then realizing he was in the wrong house.

But the strength of the Pittsburgh Steelers does not lie in formations or even

techniques. It's the people. Pittsburgh is a mighty rolling dynasty that's built to last. Unplug one man, plug another one in. Reserves wait to get a chance. The Steelers' great success this year has tended to obscure their injuries. Bradshaw has been down a few times—against St. Louis they took him off the field on a stretcher. Lynn Swann has been hurt, so have John Stallworth and Sidney Thornton. They lost their great All-Pro linebacker, Jack Ham, going into the playoffs, and not a ripple was felt. Ditto for Jon Kolb, their left tackle, and Gerry Mullins, their right guard. Unplug one, plug another one in.

Let's talk about Dirt and the Sweeper. Dirt is Dennis Winston. For three years he has been a special teams' whacko, dishing out many blows, receiving few. He had gotten his nickname—Dirt before it was shortened—at the University of Arkansas, where, as he says, "I think I passed out some pretty good licks from the noseguard position." The problem at Pittsburgh was toning him down. No, no, Dennis, you must learn to differentiate between the ball and the man's head. Finally he was ready, and when the linebacking corps suffered injuries this year, Winston was turned loose. Game ball against Dallas. Game ball against Houston. On another team they'd be pushing him for the Pro Bowl.

At Pittsburgh he's simply the man filling in for Jack Ham at left linebacker.

The Sweeper is Steve Courson, who came in for Mullins at right guard. The Steelers like their offensive linemen short and compact, built for pulling and trapping. You don't see the Slob Sweep at Pittsburgh. When the Steelers run a sweep or a screen, the linemen get out there quickly and throw their bodies. "When you take on a man standing up, the back has the option to run to only one side," Center Mike Webster says. "But when you wipe that man out, the back can go anywhere he wants."

The Sweeper came in the same year Winston did. The first thing Courson asked was, "Where's the weight room?" He stands 6' 1" and weighs 262. He can run a 4.8 forty and bench-press 515 pounds ("On double rep... I don't know how much I could do on just one"). He has a vertical jump of 36 inches. The Steelers brought him along slowly. That trap-block offense takes time to learn.

"Now, coach, now!"

"Not yet, Steve. Soon."

So Courson would go back to the weight room and pump more iron, pile on more muscle. And when Mullins got hurt, he was ready. The Steelers used a straight-block offense against Miami in the playoffs. The Dolphin linemen don't penetrate, they wait and read. Courson

blasted big holes in the middle of the Miami line.

"We were watching him from the sideline," Joe Greene says. "When he went after 'em, all you'd see were feet in the air or guys on their backs, crumpling up. He's got an arm he can put right through you. When we got into short yardage we yelled, 'Go over the Sweeper!' We call him that because he sweeps 'em up. We were standing there making sweeping motions, like we had brooms." Unplug one, plug another one in.

Joe Greene remains. Perles says the game Greene had against the Oilers in the championship was vintage Greene, his best in five years. Greene himself admits that he has changed his style as he nears the end of his career. He had always been a quickness guy, relying on tremendous anticipation to foul up a play. Now he's working on his strength. For the first time he's lifting weights for more than exercise. Strength is what he'll fall back on when the quickness goes. Against Miami, he used that strength to stabilize the middle, forcing his man back into traffic. Against the Oilers, he made big plays on his old quickness, twice knifing in to spill Earl Campbell for losses.

The Steeler defense presents the biggest problem for L.A. Only five of the Rams' offensive starters were in the line-

up for their NFC championship game against Dallas a year ago. Quick turnovers could be disastrous. Too many three-and-out series could keep the L.A. defense—proud and tough, but battered—on the field too long. The Rams' defense will probably start off giving Bradshaw & Co. problems—in the three games in which Bradshaw has faced L.A. (all losses), he has been intercepted eight times—but the L.A. defense has got to have help.

In three straight playoff seasons a fine defensive team suffered a blowout—or near blowout—because the offense just couldn't do it. Pittsburgh went into the 1976 AFC championship against Oakland with a great defense and an offense that had only one healthy running back: the defense kept Pittsburgh in it for a while, but finally the Steelers were overrun. The next year Denver's Orange Crush defense had Dallas on the ropes at the beginning of Super Bowl XII, but every time Craig Morton got his hands on the ball he turned it over, and the final score looked like a blowout. Then, there was last year's NFC title match—L.A. vs. Dallas. Ram runners kept hobbling off the field and the offense died, and a heroic defense that had held the score to 7-0 for three periods crumbled. Result: 28-0.

The Rams need a consistent offense on

Sunday or the game might turn into a runaway in the second half. Against Tampa Bay they went into a revised formation—Cullen Bryant on the wing, blocking down for Tyler—but they'll probably junk it and go against the Steelers straight up. No one sweeps Pittsburgh; the Steeler linebackers are simply too quick. Any success on the ground against Pittsburgh has come between the tackles.

Another problem for L.A. might be its wide-receiver shuttle system of sending in plays. This puts a strain on an offense fighting the 30-second clock and cuts down the audible time. It's not so bad when the Rams are between the 40-yard lines, but when they're near the goal the shuttle man can have a 40-yard run to the huddle. Against the Bucs they were called for an illegal formation on the four-yard line and had to settle for a field goal instead of a touchdown.

There will be some 105,000 people in the Rose Bowl, and as Jim Youngblood says, it will be the front-runners who'll be roaring. The few loyal Ram fans who stuck with them when they announced they were packing up and leaving for Anaheim, who hung tough when everybody was hurt and L.A. couldn't beat a decent team, probably will be too busy praying.

The Steelers have beaten that game plan, too. Pittsburgh 27, L.A. 10. **END**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFAKER



The Slob Sweep once was, and unfortunately still occasionally is, the big play in the L.A. attack.



POP GOES THE NEW YORK YINX

In a week of upsets and dazzling tennis artistry, Bjorn Borg won in the Big Apple for the first time, beating a matchless field in the Colgate Grand Prix Masters at Madison Square Garden **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

It was a coronation and a rejuvenation and a crack in the Mac. It was Bjorn Borg's Big Apple Breakthrough and Jimmy Connors' Apocalypse Now. Above all, the Colgate Grand Prix Masters, which took place last week in New York's Madison Square Garden, might have been the best and the brightest and the most exciting tennis tournament anybody ever saw.

Long before King Borg ended the whole thing in the final on Sunday with another in his long line of demolition jobs on Vitas Gerulaitis, this time by 6-2, 6-2 despite Vitas' new vigor, the Masters had proved that when the four or five or six finest players in tennis gather in the same

place to engage in what has become known as, to coin a phrase, "the super bowl" of the sport, when Borg, Connors and the wunderkind John McEnroe show up fit and brazen enough to disagree on which one of them is leading the polls; and when Gerulaitis, the forgotten fourth, boogies out of the sanctity of Studio 54 to interrupt things, anything can happen.

On Sunday, for instance, who would have thought that Borg would have such an easy time of it after what Gerulaitis had done in the previous 36 hours? Namely, defeat McEnroe—after having lost their last three tournament meetings by a combined score in sets of 0-7. And

then defeat Connors—after having lost 16 straight matches to him. "Nobody beats me 17 straight," Gerulaitis said.

But Borg is Borg, and on the last day the stoic champion made a meatball out of his practice partner. The only crisis came early: Game 5, hometown boy serving. Gerulaitis, playing beautifully, albeit without much weaponry, kept having to use his notable speed just to hold. Borg had one break point, two, three. The G-Man saved nine in all, but lost the game on the 24th point when he mindlessly attempted a low volley from madcourt off a Borg looper. Gerulaitis had three break points in the next game, but nothing would fall for him. Vitas kept

Borg's explosive temper wrought one of his most satisfying demolition jobs against Vilas Gerulaitis.

running but Borg kept passing, and it was all over in 76 minutes, a brilliant confirmation that the Swede is the master of masters as well as the No. 1 player in the world, that world finally embracing the island of Manhattan.

Having gone scoreless in the U.S. Open (including his finals losses to Connors in 1976 on clay and in 1978 on a hard court), and having lost the '78 Masters final to the same nemesis, Borg might have said he had a "New York Yank." Instead, he insisted that his career was "not missing anything" without a tournament victory in Gotham and that it was "no big deal."

But his performance last week belied such nonchalance. In two of the more breathtaking matches of, well, this decade, Borg first nailed Connors in a tiebreaker, 3-6, 6-3, 7-6. Then he nailed McEnroe in another tiebreaker, 6-7, 6-3, 7-6. If this sounds confusing, what with both Borg and Gerulaitis having to defeat both Connors and McEnroe to reach their destiny, it isn't. What it takes is a minimal understanding of the Masters' round-robin format.

This malignant system—two years ago Borg and Guillermo Vilas concocted injuries and defaulted matches in order to remain fresh and stay in the hunt, and last January Connors legitimately pulled up lame and defaulted, then recovered only to be eliminated because of a rule put in to foil the fakers—worked perfectly this time because there was no contrived nonsense.

Before Borg-Gerulaitis, the tournament had risen to giddy heights with no less than four upsets, four matches decided by third-set tiebreakers and enough tension and high drama to satisfy even the most jaded of those howling, cat-calling Gardenites, who seemed to have shown up under the mistaken impression that the Rangers were facing off against the Bruins.

In truth, there was suspense as every crossroads, a watershed match in each session.

• Wednesday afternoon. Vilas, the romantic Argentine who supposedly can win only on slow surfaces, having just taken his second Australian Open—on grass—comes in with a new line of clothing labeled *Ellesse* and a new serve. He

faces flu-ridden Gerulaitis in a rematch of last summer's memorable Italian Open final, which the G-Man won after nearly five excruciating hours.

Vilas wins the first set, 6-4. Gerulaitis holds seven set points before taking the second, 7-6. Vilas earns five match points and survives in the third, 6-3. Form is shattered and so is Gerulaitis. "The Masters court gets faster every year," says Vilas, who longs for the day the sponsor brings the tournament to the mud of Buenos Aires. "If I keep qualifying, someday I'll play the Masters on grass."

• Wednesday night. Roscoe Tanner, the ace machine who extended Borg to five sets in the Wimbledon final and then dashed his Grand Slam hopes one eerie night in the U.S. Open, takes him on again.

Tanner reveals that he has switched hairstyles once more, back to the straight, wet look from his Little Orphan Roscoe perm because it "was burning my hair." That's not all that gets burned now as Borg swamps him. The Swede breaks Tanner's bazooka in the very first game of the first set and also in the second game of the second; he runs out the match with embarrassing ease, 6-3, 6-3, as Tan-

ner connects on fewer than 50% of his first serves.

• Thursday afternoon. No sooner is Vilas being measured for a berth in the semis than he is destroyed by McEnroe, who runs the Argentine all over the court with his exquisite curves and knucklers to win 6-2, 6-3. Two points from the end McEnroe delivers a most spectacular drop shot. Racing for a short ball, he falls onto the net cord, rolls over and drops—hello—himself onto Vilas' side. A few spectators begin counting him out... two... three... four. But Vilas isn't Carlos Monzon, and McEnroe gets up.

"I hit my head on the court," he says. "Actually, that's the best part of me to hit."

• Thursday night. A match to remember. Especially, a match for Connors to remember because this may be Jimbo's last stand. He has lost his last six meetings with Borg, 15 of 17 sets. But he is slimmed down ("150 pounds, the best shape of my life," he says), primed ("My family is my support; the new baby has taught me patience"), and he quickly takes the initiative, pressing Borg on the baseline, running him from side to side and pocketing the first set, 6-3.

continued

In a moment of anguish in the final, Vilas resorted to a momentary prayer, but Borg was merciless.





Jimbo's balanced attack fell prey to weather



As usual, the emotional McEnroe got his trash up, but he went down and out against Borg in the semis

MASTERS TENNIS *continued*

In the second, Connors is more tentative and Borg shaky, and a strange, error-plagued *pas de deux* ensues, 6-3 to Borg. After this the struggling Swede moves out to a 5-2 lead in the third and it's all over, of course. But wait: Borg's own serve is slowly falling apart—"I was scared. For sure," he says later—and Connors comes crashing back. The old Connors. The linesman-baiting, finger-waving, crotch-grabbing Connors. The brilliant one. The crude one. Jungle Jim. Connors races deep into the corner to whirl an impossible forehand off the tape past a stranded Borg, and suddenly it's 5-all.

But that is the pinnacle. In the tiebreaker Borg opens with an ace. Connors makes two quick mistakes, and Borg hangs on to win 7-4.

In the pantheon of golden struggles between Borg and Connors, what this match, which consumes two hours and 38 minutes, lacks in artistry, it makes up for in intensity and importance because it manifests one glaring reality: Connors, at peak form, has thrown everything at a sub-par Borg, but still he has lost. "I'm not out of this thing yet," an exhausted Connors says. But he is. If Borg hasn't taken Connors out of the fight, he has taken the fight out of Connors.

• Friday afternoon, Connors winds up his round-robin against Tanner while

practically dead on his feet. The winner will advance to the semis, and Tanner looks like a shoo-in when he leads 4-1 in the third set. Then the dread tennis disease, "elbow," strikes Roscoe. The two men belt and claw, both clutching at straws. But in the tiebreaker Tanner cannot win a single point on his serve, cannot control his volley, and Connors wins, 2-6, 6-4, 7-6.

• Friday night, McEnroe-Gerulaitis is the last round-robin match on the card, the winner to play Connors in the semis, the loser to play Borg. Pick your poison. McEnroe annihilated Gerulaitis, his neighbor from New York City's borough of Queens, in the Open final last September, and this looks just as easy.

Vitas gets three points off Junior's serve in the first set and loses it, 3-6. But McEnroe, who is also playing the doubles (which he and partner Peter Fleming will win), had stayed on court until nearly 2 a.m. the previous night, and now it shows. He stalks about, scowling, yowling at officials and spectators, angrily bouncing his racket on the synthetic surface.

McEnroe has a match point in the second-set tiebreaker, but Gerulaitis saves it with a service winner and rallies to win 9-7. In the third set a more confident Gerulaitis continues steady on serve—he smashes an astounding 11 aces during the match—and holds for 6-5 all after converting a sock-high volley off a sizzling McEnroe drive. Junior collapses on the court in mock astonishment. When the Disco Kid jumps on top in the tiebreaker and wins it 7-4, McEnroe is even more surprised.

"McEnroe has got a lot more talent than I have," Gerulaitis says, "but now he doesn't own New York anymore. I got some of the Bronx back."

With his stunning 7-3, 6-2 romp over a bewildered Connors in the semifinals, Gerulaitis got back Staten Island, too. The upsets that had jumbled the round-robins were nothing compared to the episode that turned around this match in the ninth game of the first set. Serving at 3-5, ad-out, a second set point against him, Gerulaitis already had been robbed of two service aces (he got one back on a linesman's correction). Now he served another obvious ace. But umpire Jason Smith called "fault."

Calmly Gerulaitis toed the line, delivered again and watched in shock as Connors—recognizing a bad rap when

continued

The Merit Report

The latest update on
the cigarette that's challenging
high tar smoking—and winning.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

1976: Taste Barrier Broken.

In the early 1970's, smokers believed low tar meant low taste. In fact, 8 out of every 10 smokers who tried low tar brands rejected them. Then along came low tar MERIT.



MERIT was the result of a twelve-year effort by scientists to isolate "key" flavor ingredients in cigarette smoke — *natural components that delivered taste way out of proportion to tar.* This led to the development of the 'Enriched Flavor' process, a breakthrough which made possible a low tar cigarette capable of delivering extraordinary taste.

Research quickly confirmed the MERIT breakthrough. In blind taste tests against higher tar cigarettes, a majority of smokers reported MERIT actually matched the taste of the higher tar brands tested!

In January, 1976, MERIT was introduced. And a whole new taste era in low tar smoking began.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1977: Taste Science Breakthrough for 100's Smokers.

Word spread quickly and many smokers requested MERIT in a longer length. MERIT taste science was applied to a 100's length with striking results. In new taste tests, a majority of smokers reported *they liked the taste of new low tar MERIT 100's as much as that of leading high tar 100's tested.*

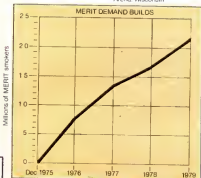
MERIT 100's had successfully challenged the taste of high tar cigarettes.

1978: MERIT Changes Smoking.

Demand was building—even among low tar smoking's toughest-to-please critics, high tar smokers. In fact, over 70% of MERIT smokers were coming directly from high tar brands.

"We were looking for a low tar cigarette, and MERIT was the best-tasting low tar cigarette we found. It satisfies you."

—Bonnie Graves
Arens, Wisconsin



Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

"To me, MERIT 100's taste better than any other cigarette."

—Louise Maes
Northbrook, Illinois

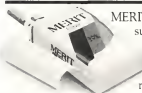
"I've tried other brands, but MERIT satisfies my taste more."

—Charles A. Rice
Nashville, Georgia

Smoker acceptance demonstrated MERIT could successfully compete against high tar cigarettes.

Would smoker research reaffirm that MERIT can match the taste of high tar cigarettes and also provide long-term satisfaction?

1979: New Research Results: Smokers Prefer MERIT 3 To 1!



MERIT has always substantiated taste claims with documented research. In

keeping with this precedent, an extensive new national smoker study was undertaken in March-April, 1979.

As part of this new wave of testing, thousands of smokers compared the taste of cigarettes from unidentified packs. The comparison: one of several leading high tar brands versus low tar MERIT. The results reaffirmed the MERIT breakthrough.

Proof: In tests where brand identity was concealed, a significant majority of smokers rated the taste of low tar MERIT as good as—or better than—high tar leaders. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Proof: Among the 95% of smokers stating a preference, the MERIT low tar/good taste combination

was favored 3 to 1 over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed!

And, in a new survey of former high tar smokers who have switched to MERIT, 9 out of 10 reported they enjoy smoking *as much*, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best-tasting low tar they've ever tried!

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he saw one—tapped the ball across the net and walked over to the deuce court. Connors had given the point away.

The amusing thing was that right then Gerulaitis started taking the game, set and match, too. Vitas ran off four games for the first set. Playing conservatively, he broke Connors' serve in the fourth and eighth games of the second set as an obviously weary (31 unforced errors) but strangely subdued Jimbo never got back down to business.

"I shouldn't have to play tennis and call the lines too," Connors said afterward. "But I don't regret giving the point. I just didn't do anything else out there. I had no zip."

Gerulaitis was asked about crashing tennis' big three. "I've always had this potential," he said, "but there aren't three. There's the rest of us. Then there's Bjorn."

In the other semifinal, however, the first of what should be many classic Borg-McEnroe encounters in the '80s, there was Bjorn barely standing at the end. He survived after a first set in which he led 4-3, 40-0 only to get careless, drop serve and lose a tiebreaker (7-5) on a ferocious McEnroe volley; after a second set in which he actually smiled twice, applauded a particularly devastating return winner (it being his own) and spoke an audible dirty word; and after a third in which he combated McEnroe's brilliant net charges with some well-placed lobs, emphatically changing the complexion of the rallies. This tactic made Junior insecure at the tape and vulnerable to Borg's screaming passes.

When the two men ultimately reached the final tiebreaker, McEnroe slugged an ace, but that was the end of the road. Borg rang up seven straight points—the key one coming when McEnroe lofted a shoulder-high volley nearly into the Hudson River. By the morning, that is approximately where Borg had left the entire glamorous Masters field. "I put this title very, very high," he said. And no wonder. In five days Borg had beaten Nos. 2 through 5 on the player computer ladder and he may have beaten No. 6, Vilas, in his sleep. Moreover, he is working on winning streaks against McEnroe, Connors, Gerulaitis, Tanner and Vilas that add up to 36 matches—the longest being 15 against Gerulaitis, the shortest, two against Tanner.

And suddenly Borg was king even in New York. **END**



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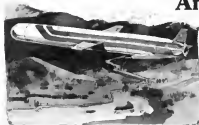
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ON AND ON AND ON AND...

... on. Gordie Howe is skating in his fifth decade, and while his legs are not what they used to be, his heart, head—and elbows—are by E. M. SWIFT

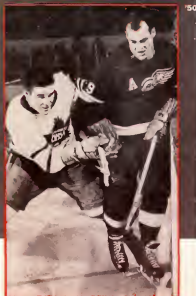
Gordie Howe is not a philosophical man. Philosophical men are forever brooding about things, mulling over the whys and wherefores of the six mad-scramble days of Creation, concocting philosophies that attempt to make order out of chaos so that they may cope. Gordie Howe does not brood. He has a philosophy, but he does not brood.

In that way he resembles, say, a farmer. Gordie Howe is not a farmer. He has never been a farmer, although before he was born his father did own a homestead in Saskatchewan and grew wheat—when anything grew at all. Still, there is something about Gordie that calls to mind that manner of man—horse sense, perhaps. Equilibrium. Farmers get it from the land, from weather that one year makes the crops fat and the next year brings a famine, from prices that fluctuate unpredictably, from things beyond a man's control. No sense hollering about it. Make do. Equilibrium. Who knows where Howe's comes from? But it is there. He is steady. And he has a down-to-earth way of speaking, so that the toddling grandson is "like a dog, examining every damn tree." Farmers say things like that.

One precept Howe lives by is this: set your goals high, but not so high that you can't reach them. When you do, set new ones. The trouble is, he has attained so many that he is running out of goals to set. At age 51, as a Hartford Whaler, he is in his fifth decade as a professional hockey player. "One of my goals was longevity; I guess I've pretty much got the lock on that," he says with Gordian understatement.

Five decades. The '40s, '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s. Old Gord has seen more decades in North America than the Volkswagen Beetle. You think he's old? Early in his third decade in the National Hockey League, 1961,

continued





'60s



'80s



'70s

the year Carl Yastrzemski broke into the major leagues—Yaz, the doddering ancient who this summer rapped his 400th homer and 3,000th hit—this magazine called Howe an “ageless one-man team.” So, what is 19 years beyond ageless? Eternal? And why shouldn’t a hockey player set standards for longevity? Cannot mastodons be preserved in ice?

George Blanda kicked field goals until he was two years shy of the half-century mark. Hoyt Wilhelm threw a baffling knuckleball in the big leagues until he was 49, and who knows how old Satchel Paige really was when he worked late innings of relief in the midnight of his career? Sam Snead, in his 60s, still plays competitively against the young golf pros on the tour, why, he even shot his age in a tournament last summer. But it is not necessary, or even desirable, to compare these geriatric wonders. They endured. Endurance is a battle against time that no one can win indefinitely. We all wage it, and we all eventually lose, which is why these older athletes are so incredibly popular.

Howe has received stupendous ovations wherever he has played in this, his 32nd season. The first round of applause is for his past, for what he has given the fans over the years in hockey artistry, for this man is the greatest player in the game’s history. As Maurice (Rocket) Richard’s scoring records receded further and further in the ‘60s, people looked to other sports to find suitably sublime parallels for Howe. He was said to be as effortless as DeMaggio, as well-balanced and deceptively fast as Jimmy Brown, as steady and soft-spoken as Gehrig. A great to-do was made in 1969 when Howe scored his 715th goal, passing the home-run record of Babe Ruth. When, at 43, Howe retired for the first time, after 25 seasons as a Detroit Red Wing, NHL President Clarence Campbell gave him due credit for the robust good health of the league, which had recently expanded to 14 teams. “When Gordie came into the NHL,” Campbell said, “hockey was a Canadian game. He’s converted it into a North American game.”

As their hands warm to the occasion, fans applaud Howe for what he gives them now: for enduring. Suddenly there are two different games on the ice: the home team against the Whalers and Howe against Papa Time. So when, for instance, the Big Guy scored two goals his first time back in Maple Leaf Gar-

dens since 1971, helping Hartford upset Toronto, the crowd cheered him as one of their own, and went home happy. Occasionally the two games will interfere with one another, which happened at the Montreal Forum when Howe, whose every move had been lustily hailed, high-sticked Guy Lafleur in the forehead, possibly by accident. For a moment there was a shocked silence as the 16,000 spectators collectively came to the same realization: *Why, the old bugger still has teeth!* Then they booed.

Clearly, Howe cannot stand to be too much loved in another team’s building. On the night of Nov. 27, 1965, in that same Forum, Howe scored his 600th goal, and Montrealers showed their appreciation for the unprecedented feat by standing, applauding and littering the ice for several minutes. They had barely settled back into their seats, however, when they were back on their feet, booing Howe as they had never booed him before. Exactly 2:26 after the historic goal, Howe was given a five-minute major pen-

alty for elbowing and deliberately attempting to injure J. C. Tremblay, the Canadian defenseman; Tremblay, in fact, suffered a broken cheekbone.

It would be absurd to suggest that now, in 1980, Gordie Howe is the player he used to be. He will be 52 in March, and is the grandfather of two. To compare a 51-year-old man with the greatest player of all time is silly. But it is not silly to compare him with the players coming into the NHL, the 20-year-olds who can skate and shoot and throw their bodies around but who cannot beat this man out of a job, or keep him from scoring. Howe has earned his position on the Whalers. He is not a continuing publicity stunt. The man can play.

“Players learn to play when they’re young, and that’s the way they play all their lives,” says Maurice Richard. “There are a lot of skills this generation doesn’t have. They know they don’t have to stickhandle; just chase after the puck. It may be that today’s game is faster, it may be there’s more skating, but teams



just throw the puck in and chase it. The game's become a footrace. I guess that's another reason Gordie's still going."

Hockey, of course, was never meant to be a footrace, because the fastest skater in the world cannot outskate a pass, and because, for all its advantages, dumping a puck into the corner and chasing it proves little if, once regaining it, a man does not have the stickhandling skills to work it toward—and eventually into—the goal. Which is the point, after all. The art of stickhandling hasn't died; there are just fewer stickhandlers spread among more teams. And the great stickhandlers are still the great scorers: Lafleur, L.A.'s Marcel Dionne, young Wayne Gretzky of the Edmonton Oilers. Howe may now be the slowest forward in the league, but at last count he had 11 goals, which was sixth-best on the Whalers. There is so much more to the game than foot speed, or shot speed. There are men who point to the success of a 51-year-old grandfather as proof positive of the sorry state of hockey today, but for

those who love the sport, it is an affirmation of the game's subtleties that a man who has lost his youth and speed and recklessness can still succeed with strength and savvy and guile.

"Gordie has no set play for a given situation," says Don Blackburn, the Whalers' coach. "I never know what he'll do with the puck because there's no limit to his creativity." Says Jean Beliveau, who played center for the Montreal Canadiens for 18 years and was even smoother than Howe, though not nearly so strong. "Gordie, he still has that instinct."

Time does not diminish instinct. Nor, surprisingly, does it necessarily erode strength. Howe is still tremendously strong, which is less of a surprise to his doctors than to the kids he plays against. Dr. Bob Bailey was the Michigan physician who gave Howe the go-ahead to come out of retirement the first time, at age 45, to play in Houston with his two sons. "I think if you looked at men who do comparable work, like farmers, you'd find similar musculature," Bailey says. "It's a matter of conditioning. What I found really incredible was his pulse rate, which was around 48. That's almost the heart of a dolphin. A normal 50-year-old man might have one around 80."

When Howe had his physical before this season, the cardiologist said, "This man could run up Mount Everest." Howe, in fact, lonches running as far as up the driveway, although for the first time in his career he jogged some last summer. But his pulse rate and blood pressure remain those of a young man. "The stamina is there, the strength is there, it's the speed that goes," says Vincent Turco, the Whalers' team doctor. "But age is kinder to hockey players, because skating is a little different than running."

It has been suggested that one of the reasons age has been kinder to Howe, specifically, is that none of the younger hockey players wants to be labeled as the guy who knocked the Old Man out of the game. Well, that simply isn't true. If players are staying away from Howe, they are doing so out of concern for their own skins, not his. Howe has spent more than 30 years playing what he calls "religious

hockey"—it's better to give than to receive—and the woodwork crawls with horror stories of those who crossed him. Tough men who crossed him. Lou Fontinato, the Rangers' policeman, challenged Howe and took three uppercuts to the face—*thwap! thwap! thwap!* People who were there swear you could hear the sound of Fontinato's nose breaking all over Madison Square Garden. Jean Beliveau tells of seeing Howe release his stick following a wrist shot so that it slashed across Gilles Tremblay's forehead. Gristly John Ferguson, now general manager of the Winnipeg Jets, took over as Howe's shadow when Tremblay retired from the Canadiens. "He never scored on me," Ferguson says. "That's my claim to fame. Of course, he got a few when I was in the penalty box. And one night he stuck the blade of his stick into my mouth and hooked my tongue for nine stitches."

Colleen Howe, Gordie's wife and business manager, says "Gordie doesn't elbow somebody in the jaw out of anger; he does it to teach them a lesson, if they've embarrassed him on the ice. He's a tremendously prideful person."

It's a lesson that this generation of NHL players has largely accepted on faith. They may not be able to stick-handle, but they're no dummies. "Howe's still good with his elbows," says Black Hawk forward Cliff Koroll. "But he doesn't really have to use them much, because nobody comes near him."

It is obvious, too, that Howe has lost none of his subtlety. When he throws an elbow, he does not stop and fling one in anger, but incorporates it into his skating stride. So it is a rhythmic motion—left foot forward, right elbow back—barely noticeable. Except that the young pursuer is suddenly a stride behind and, now that you think about it, the natural rhythm of a skater does not call for elbows at ear level.

In a game against Winnipeg, Howe twice elbowed 6' 3", 210-pound Defenseman Scott Campbell in the third period. The second time, the 22-year-old Campbell went after him, challenging Howe, until the linesmen stepped between them. After the game, an amused Howe shoved a powerful forearm into someone's collarbone, showing where he'd given Campbell his shots. "Those kind don't hurt too much," he said. "They don't count if they're not in the face."

But, as Beliveau suggests, "Let's

continued



At home in Connecticut, from left, great-aunt Elsa, Gordie and Colleen, Mary and wife Mary, son Murray, a pre-med student, Ginger, Mark and their son Travis. Corky, Mark's 13-year-old

remember Gordie Howe as a hockey player. Deep down he was—and is—a hockey player."

The Hartford Whalers—or, rather, the Springfield Whalers—were not supposed to be a very good team this year. Early in the season they beat Toronto (twice), Buffalo and Atlanta, among the old-line clubs, and tied Montreal at the Forum. The Whalers' better-than-expected early showing was not so much a result of Howe's play as of the influence he had on the team. Who wouldn't become pumped up when crowd after crowd in stadium after stadium greets a teammate with prolonged standing ovations? Who wouldn't work that much harder to make a legend's return to the NHL a success? "The players are Gordie Howe fans," says Blackburn, 41, a thoughtful man who spent 15 of his 18 pro seasons playing minor league hockey and is in his first year as coach. "The coach is a Gordie Howe fan. He's so competitive. If you try to outdo him in a crossword puzzle, you've got a problem. So when you're 22, and you see a 51-year-old guy hacking guys and running over guys, how can you not go out and do the same thing?"

Yet for all his respect, Blackburn knows that his own job depends on the continued success of the team, and the Whalers have been in a miserable slump for the last six weeks, winning only two of their last 20 games. Howe, too, has slumped as a goal scorer; he had 11 goals through Dec. 31, but has not scored since then. Compounding Howe's goal-scoring problems, he has had difficulty adjusting to Blackburn's unique defensive strategies. A right wing, Howe has spent his entire career covering his opposite wing in the defensive zone. But under Blackburn's system, his job is to cover the left defenseman at the point. "He forgets a lot," Blackburn says. "You just close your eyes and hope."

Says Mike Rogers, who centers Howe's line, "Gordie doesn't really know where he is defensively. He doesn't like standing in one place. So you let him go wherever he wants. He can't change. He might be out at the point, but then he might be hiding behind the net somewhere. Our line's not that great defensively."

Fortunately for the Whalers, the left wing on the line is a smallish, tough, brilliant player named Mark Howe, Gordie's second son. At 24 he is starting to come into his own, displaying flashes of the greatness that has been predicted



Ab Howe, 67, thought his son Gordie was so clumsy and bashful that he'd never amount to anything.

for him. Already Mark is one of the finest defensive forwards in the NHL; smart, tireless, an honest backchecker who makes up for his dad's defensive hooky. The two Howes and Rogers make up Hartford's most productive line, but Blackburn is watching for signs that Gordie's legs can no longer put the hands and elbows and head in position to do the job. In the wings is a 20-year-old speedster named Ray Allison, Hartford's top draft choice, who Blackburn believes would develop rapidly given a chance to play with Mark Howe and Rogers. "It's not an enviable position to be in—the greatest player in the history of the game and me a rookie coach," says Blackburn. "I dread what's coming."

There is a lady in Detroit who heard Gordie Howe mention in an interview that his father's 87th birthday was coming up. She did not know Gordie, except as a

fan, but took it upon herself to send his father a card. "Mr. Howe, Gordie's Father, Floral, Saskatchewan" was the way she addressed it. The card arrived, naturally—Gordie once received a letter addressed: "Mr. Hockey, Detroit, Michigan." The town of Floral no longer exists, having been swallowed up by booming Saskatoon, a sprawling transportation center in the heart of the prairie.

Ab Howe is somewhat brusque in his recollection of the boy Gordie. "He was clumsy and backward and bashful," he says. "That's why I never thought he'd amount to anything." The gentleness in Gordie's nature was a gift from his mother, Kathleen, who died at 76, a woman who bore three of her nine children without help, while Ab was working the wheat fields. But the fierce pride, the toughness, the occasional meanness that show up on the ice come from Ab, who bequeathed a prairie philosophy to his

big, backward son when he was sent home from the first team he tried out for: "Never take dirt from nobody, 'cause they'll keep throwing it at you."

Old Ab Howe never took any dirt from anyone. During the Depression he worked for the city of Saskatoon and earned 40¢ an hour—\$4 a day to raise nine children, and lucky to have it—and every man in his construction crew wanted his job as foreman. "I had to set a few down," he says. "I fired this Frenchman, told him to collect his pay and get out of my sight, and he swung at me. I told him, 'You goddamn pea soup, you swung at the wrong man. I'll put you in the hospital.' Knocked him down and kicked him in the pants on his way out."

At 87, Ab is still square-shouldered and trim. His thick, mittlike hands are even bigger than Gordie's, which are size 11, XXL in the catalogues. Genetically, Ab, whose own father died at 94, can take a lot of credit for the way things have turned out for his clumsy son, the bashful, backward boy who flunked the third grade twice yet would sit up at night with a Sears catalogue and circle all the nice things his mother could use, promising, "When I'm famous..." who would skate endlessly on the frozen sloughs between the wheat fields, a hockey stick in hand always, knowing the vehicle that would take him to fame, wanting nothing else, and in preparation for that day, practicing his autograph until his sister-in-law would ask:

"What the heck you doing, Gordon?"

"Which one do you like?"

"That one." She would point to one of four, and he would practice it.

Ab remembers, "When he joined the Wings, I told the wife, 'I hope that boy never fights. He's got a blow that can kill a man.' He's both-handed, you know, like me. Worked on my crew two summers. Best man I ever had. Had him on the mixer with his brother Vern. He could pick up a cement bag in either hand—90 pounds. Weren't the weight so much as you couldn't get a grip on them, the sacks were packed so tight. He'd pick them right up by the middle. His brother played out in two days, but Gordon, he liked that mixer."

"He was strong, all right. Fella came with some counterweights for a dragline in the back of his truck, and Gordon says, 'Mr. Driscoll, you want these off?' Well, it weren't a one-man job, but Driscoll, he winks at me and says, 'Sure, Gord,

right over here.' Lifted 'em out of there like it was nothin', Driscoll like to fall over. Oh, he was strong."

"That first night he played for Detroit, I put my feet up by the radio and listened to the game, and pretty soon Gordon was in a fight, all right. And he got in another. The wife was terrible upset, worrying he might kill someone. He got in fights about the first 10 games, and after a bit Mr. Adams [Jack Adams, the Detroit general manager] calls him in and asks, 'Howe, you think you've got to beat up the entire league, player by player?' Ab Howe stops here to grin. His eyes are beginning to pale on the outside of the irises, but in the center they are bright. He is clean-shaven and shiny bald on top.

"Gordon started to play hockey then. Mr. Adams, he treated Gordon like a son." Ab smiles; he is 87 and he is going deer hunting in the morning. "Mc, I could skate, but I never could shoot. I can't shoot them yet."

That first game was Oct. 16, 1946. The Nuremberg trials were unveiling the full horror of World War II, and Detroit, whose automakers had long since stopped churning out Jeeps and tanks and amphibious trucks, was bloated with unemployed servicemen. Their sweethearts were on a different sort of production line, as the first of a generation of war babies were born. Doc Blanchard led Army to a rout of the University of Michigan, and Ted Williams, the American League's Most Valuable Player, saw his Red Sox fall in the seventh game to the Cardinals when Enos Slaughter scored from first base on a single.

Little notice was taken of a young country boy's debut in the National Hockey League, although Paul Chandler of the Detroit News recognized something of what was in store. "Gordon Howe is the squad's baby, 18 years old," Chandler wrote in his account of the game. "But he was one of Detroit's most valuable men last night. In his first major league game, he scored a goal, skated tirelessly and had perfect poise. The goal came in the second period, and he literally powered his way through the players from the blue line to the goalmouth."

"Power" would become Howe's nickname—the Whalers use it still when they are not calling him "Gramps." As a young man, with those giant hands and muscular back and low-slung shoulders that would be characterized hundreds of times in the next 35 years as "sloping,"

Howe might have been the prototype for the laborers in Thomas Hart Benton's murals. Yet his tireless skating was his most memorable trademark—excepting the elbows. Says Beliveau, "His stamina, maybe that's what you remember best when you've played against him. He just kept going and going and going."

The '40s were Howe's decade of promise. He scored only six more goals that first season. In 1947-48 he added 16, and in 1948-49, when the Red Wings finished first, he scored 12—hardly spectacular. But country boys keep promises. Beginning in 1949-50, Gordie Howe started a string in which for 20 consecutive years—two solid decades—he finished among the top five scorers of the NHL. So of course virtually every major scoring record became his. He was an institution, as stable in his field as ITT in the Fortune 500, year in, year out, from Truman to Nixon. For 20 years, he played at his peak.

Ted Lindsay was Howe's roommate in those early years, left wing on the Production Line with Sid Abel at center and Gordie at right wing. Lindsay and Howe worked the boards as no players had before them, throwing the puck into the opposite corner at just the angle to make it rebound back out front for the wing breaking in. "We were inscparable," Lindsay recalls. "He was always worried he couldn't make the team. Every year he was tough on left wingers in training camp because of it. He lived to play the game, and nobody was going to get the job away from him. Genuinely, sincerely, he felt he had to worry about his position. He would say, 'Gee, I hope I make the team.' Or, 'That guy isn't going to get my job. He'll do it over my body.'"

Howe's prairie upbringing taught him that simply because it had been a good year last year didn't mean the rain would fall and the wheat would grow this year. Says Abel, now a Detroit broadcaster, "He'd practice with a bucket of pucks for a half hour by himself after the others were through, lifting the puck up to the top of the net. Once in Boston he skated in against the goaltender, feinted and deliberately tried to put the puck in the top of the net. He shot it right over the goal. But he went behind, dug it out, came back and gave the goaltender a different feint, then put it up top for the goal. He came over to Lindsay and me afterward and said, 'That's where the first one was supposed to be.'"

continued

"His peak, I think, was when he was about 24, in 1952-53, the year he scored 49 goals. He did score his 50th, too, but didn't get credit for it. He tipped in a goal in Boston on a shot Red Kelly took from the blue line, and they gave it to Kelly. Gordie didn't argue. He had a couple of games left to get his 50th."

At that time the 50-goal mark was like 60 homers in baseball. It had been reached only once, by Maurice Richard in 1944-45, a war year. Much has been made of the fact that Richard scored his 50 goals in a 50-game season, but the fact is that over the entire 70-game schedule of 1952-53 fewer goals were scored (1,006) than in 1944-45 (1,103). In 1952-53 teams averaged a total of 4.8 goals per game, the lowest in modern hockey history. In 1944-45, when Richard set the mark, the average was 7.4 goals per game—the highest in modern hockey history. Howe's 49 actually represented a greater percentage of the total goals scored by the league than Richard's 50.

Despite all the goals he scored, critics contended that Howe didn't shoot often enough, that he was too selfish. His first coach, Tommy Ivan, says, "I don't think Gordie realized what he could do with the puck. He could have scored more goals. But Lindsay and Abel were so darn great, and Howe handed the puck off because he realized how good they were."

With Howe, Lindsay and Goalie Terry Sawchuk in their prime, the Red Wings rattled off seven straight league championships between 1949 and 1955—a feat still unmatched in the NHL—and won four Stanley Cups. Says Howe now, "You start off winning and you take it all for granted. My philosophy is never start talking about it, and, but or the past, because 90% of what follows will be negative. That's what I regret most, that I can never remember the good times with Abel and Lindsay. You're young and you take it all for granted."

They say one's personality is formed by age 3. Gordie Howe, at 3, did not think of himself as something very special, just another hungry mouth to feed. His whole life he has comported himself as if he were no more than that—one more hungry mouth forced upon the world. This feeling made him one of the world's worst negotiators. "I was sort of a pushover," he says with some understatement. "I used to come into Jack Adams' office and say, 'If I'm

supposed to be the best player in the league, you can pay me accordingly.' He'd say he would, and that would be the end of it. Of course he never did. Later I found out there were three guys in the Detroit organization itself that were making more money than I was. The only time I ever brought anyone in to help me, it was Lindsay. We were going to negotiate together, but Adams negotiated with us with two words: 'Get out.'"

That was the Old School, when contracts were small, one year in duration and not guaranteed; when players kept mum about injuries for fear of being replaced by some hungry kid from the minors. Howe was a child of that school, and Adams was the principal. Fiery, gruff, tightfisted—so much like Ted Lindsay that the two stopped talking—Adams once called Colleen Howe's doctor to ask if he couldn't keep her in the hospital one more day with her firstborn; the Wings had a big game that night. (The doctor declined.) But Adams was something of a father figure for Howe, who has always gravitated toward strong-minded people—his wife, Lindsay, Adams—who do not mind making the off-ice decisions that Howe freely admits he prefers to avoid.

I was a pullbearer for Jack," says Howe. "We were all in the limousine, on the way to the cemetery, and everyone was saying something nice, toasting him. Then finally one of the pullbearers said, 'I played for him, and he was a miserable sonofabitch. Now he's... a dead, miserable sonofabitch.' You could hate the bastard, but he was a good man. Deep down he had your best interests at heart."

Bill Dineen (Howe's coach in Houston and Hartford and now a Whaler scout) has the greatest Jack Adams story. He was in there about a new contract, and Adams was all roses and honey, telling him he was just the type of player the Wings needed—a hard worker; that he wished he had 17 more just like him. And at the end of all this—Bill feels pretty good, of course—Jack says, "So I've decided to give you a \$500 raise. Congratulations." Well, after all those nice things, what could he say? He took it. Only later Bill found out the starting salary in the league had been raised from \$5,500 to \$6,000. Adams paid him the minimum wage two years in a row."

Years later, Dineen promoted Howe's

return to hockey. Gordie retired at the end of the 1971 season, at 43, after the Red Wings had missed the playoffs for the fourth year in the last five; they have made them only once in the eight post-Howe years. He moved into the front office, leading a life he equated with that of a cultivated mushroom: "They kept me in the dark, and every once in a while opened the door to throw manure on me." For exercise, he worked on his golf game and played oldtimers' hockey—no checking, no slap shots.

The Howe story might have ended there had it not been for the birth of the World Hockey Association, which took the sport Howe had converted into a North American game and, in turn, transformed it into chaos. In the summer of 1973, as the WHA prepared for its second season, Dineen's Houston club selected Gordie's two oldest sons, Marty and Mark, in the amateur draft. Both had played the previous winter for the Toronto Marlboros, winners of the Memorial Cup, which goes to the junior champions of Canada, and Dineen called Howe to assure him that the Aeros were genuinely interested in signing the two boys, that they were not just capitalizing on the Howe name for publicity. Howe heard him out, then asked, "What would you think about having a third Howe?" Silence. "Bill? You still there? I asked what you thought—"

"I heard you," Dineen finally stammered. "I wanted to ask, but I had too much respect."

Playing on the same team with his sons had been one of those high goals Howe had set for himself. So, with his wife negotiating, he agreed to a one-year playing contract followed by three years in the front office. But after working himself back into shape—his playing weight today is 206, the same as when he broke in as a rookie 34 years ago—Howe proved himself too valuable to be shunted off to the front office. The man could play. Rejuvenated by his sons—what man wouldn't be? (Rocket Richard told a friend, "Isn't that something, playing with your own sons. I dreamed of that. For me that would be a dream come true!")—Howe led the Aeros to the WHA championship, scored 100 points and was the league's Most Valuable Player. Mark was named Rookie of the Year. And, most appealing of all, a whole new wave of Gordie Howe stories appeared, this time relating how Papa would come to



The famed Production Line—Lindsay, Howe and Abel—led Detroit to four Stanley Cups in the '50s

the defense of the kids. Marty tells of the time one of the WHA thugs was on top of Mark, and Gordie asked him once, politely, to let Mark up. "When he didn't, Gordie reached down, stuck his fingers into his nostrils and pulled him up off the ice. The guy's nose must have stretched half a foot."

"If I'd failed badly," Howe says, "people would have remembered me more for trying to make a stupid comeback at 45 than for all the other things I did in hockey." Because that's how he would have remembered himself. When the land has been fruitful for 25 years, it counts not if now, with the drought, the farm must be sold. The man lives in the present. To Howe, the only negative aspect of his experience in the WHA was the destruction of his friendship with Lindsay, who—in the brusque Jack Adams style—could say nothing kinder about the return of his old linemate than that it showed what a sorry league he was playing in if a 46-year-old man could score 100 points. Howe took the remark as a personal affront, and three years later, when the Houston club was going under

and the Howe family was attempting to relocate, the rift widened. By this time Lindsay was general manager of the Red Wings, a job that Howe had been in the running for, and he criticized the Howes for demanding to be paid by Houston when some of their Aero teammates were being left out in the cold. Lindsay was clearly out of line commenting on a situation he knew little about. Later, when there were reports that all three Howes would like to play in Detroit, Lindsay said he would not give Boston a first-round draft choice for the negotiating rights to Mark Howe. "Can you imagine that?" Howe says, still bitter. "Not giving up a draft choice for Mark?"

So the Howe family moved to Hartford in 1977.

Howe's final aim in hockey, for now anyway, is one that probably will never be realized. His oldest son, Marty—the one who kept Colleen in the hospital one day less than Jack Adams would have liked—was sent down to the Springfield Indians, the Whalers' top farm club, before the start of the season. He has since broken his wrist and will miss most of

the season. If, and when, Marty makes it back up, Gordie will probably be in the front office for good.

"It really hurt Dad when Marty was cut," Mark says. "I thought he was going to quit. He almost did."

Gordie now says he wished the Whalers had let Marty play at least one game in the NHL before they sent him down, to fulfill that one final goal. Bill Veech, perhaps, would have done it that way. But there has been nothing promotional or phony about the Big Guy's final year. No "Nights." No farewell tour. Howe's team has come first, Marty was his single blind spot. On Howe's return to the Forum last month, the Montreal fans applauded his every shift, the routine plays and the occasional surprise, and they looked away when he turned over the puck. Afterward, generally hard-boiled reporters complimented him on a nice game; but it was son Mark, who scored the tying goal, whom they selected as the game's first star. With three minutes left, Mark came gliding effortlessly down the left wing and rifled a shot over the goalie's right shoulder to get the Whalers a tie; he also had killed penalties and assisted on a power-play goal. None of which was lost on Coach Blackburn, the man in the not-so-enviable position should Gordie's magic suddenly be gone. "They came to see Gordie," Blackburn said. "Well, instead of seeing Gordie at 30, they saw Mark at 24. They saw the heritage. A different Howe era."

Which would suit the Old Man just fine. That night, he stood outside the Forum signing the very autograph his sister-in-law had chosen for him so many years back. His son and teammates were off to Crescent Street to celebrate the tie. You cannot imagine what it does for an expansion team to get a tie its first time into the Forum. It was cold, and Gordie's hair was wet. A young boy handed him a program, and Howe signed it over the picture of his son.

"That's not you," the boy protested.

"No, but that's my work."

Howe has always been good with children. He chides and kids remorselessly, and who can guess what must go through their minds? They worship him. He takes a giant hand now, and musses up the boy's hair, a great blond shock. "Look at you with all that hair, and me with so little. That's not very fair."

The boy blushes. Ah, that he, and his hair, might endure so well.

END



Although the look on his face is generally benign, the rest of Carroll isn't, on offense or defense

Hurrah for a no rah-rah guy

Economics major Joe Barry Carroll is a quiet, thoughtful person, but when he plays center for Purdue, he eloquently reaffirms his claim to All-America honors

In April of 1978 Lee Rose and Joe Barry Carroll struck a bargain that has served to return Purdue to the forefront of college basketball. At the time, Rose was the Boilermakers' newly appointed coach and Carroll their still-developing center. As Rose recalls the occasion, he had gone to Lexington, Ky. to watch Car-

roll play in a postseason All-Star game, and they were getting acquainted in the player's hotel room. Rose had heard that Carroll lacked spirit and aggressiveness, but he had also heard from his friend C. M. Newton, the coach at Alabama, that Carroll was the best center the Tide had faced that season. "Lee," Newton

told him, "you can do for Carroll what you did at North Carolina-Charlotte for Cornbread Maxwell."

With Rose plotting the moves, Maxwell had led the Forty-Niners to the NIT finals in 1976 and the final four of the NCAA tournament in 1977. If Purdue were to have a chance at that kind of success, Rose would again have to be the architect, and Carroll would have to assume Maxwell's role as the foundation.

Unfortunately, there was little in Carroll's past performances to inspire Rose's confidence. His high school career in Denver had developed slowly: as a sophomore he couldn't make the varsity, and as a junior he didn't start. He finally enjoyed moderate success as a senior, but he wasn't highly recruited. As a freshman at Purdue he was only a part-time player and even turned down an opportunity to start. In his sophomore year he averaged 15 points and 10 rebounds a game, but he was primarily a complementary player on a senior-dominated team. And to some, Carroll was too timid and too aloof for anything but a supporting role.

But Rose had to rely on Carroll as his main man. He just about had no other choice. Carroll and senior Guard Jerry Sichting were Purdue's only returning starters, and it was too late in the recruiting season to sign up players who could provide immediate improvement. Rose knew that the best player available to him was Joe Barry Carroll—not Joe Barry as he was, but Joe Barry as he could be.

"I felt he had the capability to be a dominant player," Rose says, "but that meant nothing unless he wanted it. I needed a commitment from him. So I laid it out. I told him I wanted him to be the nucleus of the team. I told him I'd provide an environment that would enhance his opportunities. I said I knew he had the physical ability, but that I didn't know if he had the mental desire and motivation. 'If you have,' I said, 'I'll

work with you, but it won't be easy."

Through all of this, Carroll had sat on his hotel-room bed, saying nothing. Rose had expected him to respond quickly, to answer. "Yeah, that sounds great. Let's do it." Instead, Carroll got up, walked to the window and reflected on the proposal. Finally, he turned to Rose and said, "Yes. I would like that."

The rest, as they say, is history. With Carroll averaging 23 points and 10 rebounds a game, a Purdue team that was supposed to finish seventh in the Big Ten last season tied for first and, shades of Combread Maxwell, reached the finals of the NIT. This year the Boilermakers are 10-3 and Carroll is averaging 25.3 points and 7.6 rebounds a game. Last week he poured in 75 points as Purdue beat Illinois and Michigan, then lost a squeaker to unbeaten Syracuse.

Although the Boilermakers may not be of final-four caliber, Carroll is a leading candidate for an individual grand slam: All-America, player of the year, No. 1 pro draft choice and starting center on the U.S. Olympic team. Fred Schaus, the former Los Angeles Laker coach who preceded Rose at Purdue and is a member of the Olympic basketball selection committee, says, "Joe Barry has the potential to turn a pro franchise around, and he's perhaps the only center we have who can play effectively against Russia's 7' 3" Vladimir Tachenko."

Carroll is a thoughtful, intelligent and well-spoken young man with a dry sense of humor. But in his four years at Purdue he has chosen to hide these qualities from the media and, thus, the public. At Rose's urging, Carroll consented to talk about himself recently, and at various times he was coy and charming, secretive and expansive. The overall picture was one of a serious student-athlete. Carroll is the ninth of 11 children, and he takes pride in the fact that he will be the first in his family to graduate from college. He will earn his degree in economics with above-average grades, partly because he often takes his books on road trips and often goes straight to the library after practice. "When I lived in a dorm as a freshman," he says, "I was the guy on the hall who was always telling people to turn their stereos down."

Carroll has avoided the media because "to me, the term 'interview' suggests something very intimate, a view of the inside. I like to be discreet. I have read articles on guys—not necessarily ath-

letes—who disclose stuff that I wouldn't even tell my friends. When people give intimate details as to the hows and the whys of their motivations, that can be very personal. To disclose those things leaves you naked. If I disclose my private life, my life past the spotlight after I close my door, then it's no longer private. It's public, and then what do I have?"

Of course, Carroll has never chosen to disclose much about his life in the spotlight, either. He has even avoided post-game interviews because, he reasons, "What's there to discuss? Your performance speaks for itself. There's nothing to it but to do it. If you excel, then that's it. If you bomb out, well that's the other side of the coin."

Carroll's reticence is not reserved for the press alone. "He's a quiet leader," says Guard Brian Walker, "but when he does say a few words we listen." One such occasion came earlier this season when Rose had to miss practice. Carroll called the team together and reminded everyone that even with the coach absent there should be no fooling around.

Carroll doesn't need such admonitions. "If we see him smile on the court we point it out to him because it's so unusual," says Walker. In fact, a smile is about as likely to appear on Carroll's face as a frown. On the court he follows Rose's philosophy of "reason over emotion" so thoroughly that many observers have wondered if he has any emotion at all.

"I'm not a rah-rah, fist-up-in-the-air guy," Carroll says, "but I enjoy the game. Only when I'm out there. I tend to keep things inside me. I think a lot, and that may be why some individuals perceive me to be timid."

Opponents and teammates agree that Carroll is much more physical than he appears to be. Ohio State Center Herb Williams considers Carroll "by far the best big man I've played against" and cautions, "Maybe you don't realize he's pushing, but I do. He's so strong he doesn't have to push that much." In practice, at which Carroll doesn't have to worry about the referee's whistle, he can be positively destructive. "People say he ain't aggressive because he ain't growling and snarling," says Forward Arnette Hallman. "But in practice he's been known to knock a few people down and not look back."

During games Carroll cannot afford to be too aggressive. "We're not a greedy

talented team," says Rose. "We need him in the game, and if he gets two fouls in the first half he's coming out."

At his best, Carroll can be devastating. His assortment of hooks, dunks and fall-away jumpers has put him in double figures in 54 consecutive games, with a career high of 42 points in last year's NIT semifinal against Newton's Alabama team. But no matter how well he plays, Carroll says, "I don't pat myself on the back as much as I look at the errors. I strive for excellence. The expectations I have for myself usually exceed those that others might have for me."

This desire for excellence is as far as Carroll will go in describing his goals. "My desires are private," he says. "If you verbalize what you desire, or what you're going to do, and then fall short of those goals, you have to contend with outsiders, and it creates conflict."

Carroll finds enough conflicts in the combat zone beneath the basket. He is winning that war and, for now at least, it's the only one he cares to fight.

THE WEEK

Jan 7-13

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

Irv Brown must have thought he was refereeing boxing or wrestling, not basketball, when he worked Missouri's game at Kansas. The infighting became so furious that Brown stopped the game at one point to avoid an all-out slugfest. And when 6' 8" John Crawford of the Jayhawks clamped a headlock on the Tigers' 6' 11" Steve Sipanovich, Brown sent the teams to their benches and admonished both coaches about using such Gortla Missouri tactics. With Tony Guy towing in 17 points and the Jayhawks switching from a porous zone to a stubborn man-to-man, Kansas earned a 69-66 upset. Sipanovich then had 20 points as Missouri won 84-63 at Nebraska, while Kansas lost 67-66 at Iowa State.

When Arkansas played at Texas, the score resembled that of a baseball game for a long time. Razorbacks 6, Longhorns 1 after five minutes. Hogs 8, Horns 5 after 10. Arkansas finally polished off Texas 55-50, after they had beaten Texas Christian 70-58. Texas A&M tied the Hogs for the Southwest Conference lead by exploiting its height advantage against Texas Tech—using an effective delay game in the late stages and getting 20 points from Rudy Woods to earn a 63-60 victory.

When Creighton's Daryl Stwall wasn't in-

continued

ing in eight of 11 long-range shots on his way to 26 points against Drake. George Morrow was hitting on 10 of 13 bombs en route to scoring 22. Thus, despite 30 points and 14 rebounds by Lewis Lloyd of the Bulldogs, the Bluejays were 97-83 Missouri Valley Conference victors. Lloyd had another 38 points as Drake beat Southern Illinois 116-91, but his 18-point, 19-rebound effort couldn't avert a 75-70 loss to first-place Bradley.

Noire Dame Coach Digger Phelps fulfilled a recruiting promise he had made to Orlando Woolridge by playing a game near Woolridge's hometown of Mansfield, La. Woolridge had 10 points against Tulane in an Irish "home" game at Shreveport, and Rich Brannan added 18 as Notre Dame romped 79-59.

Two days later, Tulane upset Florida State 80-79 in a Metro Conference game when Darryl Moreau banked in his only shot of the evening with seven seconds left. The Seminoles earlier had won twice, 84-69 over South Florida and 74-69 at Memphis State, as Murray Brown pumped in 44 points. Louisville, on top in the Metro, won a pair of conference games. Cardinal guards excelled during a 94-65 rout of St. Louis. Roger Burkman coming off the bench to get 19 points, five assists and five steals, and Darrell Griffith chipping in with 24 points, seven assists and five steals. Griffith had 20 points and Derek Smith 22 as Louisville beat Memphis State 69-48.

1. LOUISVILLE (12-2)

2. MISSOURI (12-2) 3. ARKANSAS (10-3)

WEST It was a historic week for Southern Cal. First the Trojans got their 1,000th win, an 83-66 victory at Oregon in which Guard Don Carfino had 17 points and seven rebounds. Then, even more memorable, they beat UCLA 82-74, the first USC triumph over the Bruins since 1970. Carfino again was the big gun, scoring eight of his 24 points in the final 3½ minutes.

Leading USC by one game in the Pac-10 was Oregon State. In a game marked by 31 ties and lead changes, the Beavers won 77-72 at Arizona, converting 21 of 26 foul shots and getting 22 points from Ray Blume. At Arizona State, Oregon State got 21 points from Jeff Stuart and came out on top 63-59.

Two former Indiana high school stars—Forward John Hegwood and Center Wallace Bryants—teamed up for 27 points as San Francisco upset Notre Dame 67-59. With the Irish ahead by five early in the second half, the Dons used their fast-break to score 11 unanswered points.

Brigham Young did much of its scoring at the outset against Utah. After rushing ahead 26-9, the Cougars settled into a zone defense that helped to limit the Utes' frontcourt starters to 31 points as BYU won 89-72.

1. OREGON STATE (15-1)

2. BYU (12-3) 3. SOUTHERN CAL (11-3)

MIDEAST Alabama, still ranked because Louisiana State had interrupted a game with the Crimson Tide at Baton Rouge last season to unfurl a banner proclaiming the Tigers SEC champs, gained sweet revenge on LSU's floor. With the Tigers ahead 56-55, Tide Guard Robert Scott controlled the ball for most of the last 2:26 and then scored the game-winning layup with 10 seconds to go. Eddie Phillips, who had 18 points and 10 rebounds in that game, pumped in 23 points and got 13 rebounds as 'Bama pulled off another upset, 78-64 at Kentucky. Alabama uncharacteristically used a zone defense all the way, and it worked, shutting off the Wildcats' outside shots and forcing turnovers when Kentucky tried to work the ball inside. In an earlier game, the Wildcats were 79-73 winners at Mississippi.

Georgia continued the SEC upset pattern by beating LSU 73-72 in double overtime. Coming through for the Bulldogs were Jimmy Daughtry, whose last-second layup sent the game into overtime, and Lavon Mercer, whose jumper in the waning moments of the second extra period sealed Georgia's triumph.

After defeating Florida 69-58, Tennessee returned home to knock off Vanderbilt 71-63 behind Steve Ray's 22 points. That left the Vols with a 6-0 record in the SEC and a two-game edge over Alabama.

Second-half surges have become a trademark of Ohio State, the only team unbeaten in Big Ten play. The Buckeyes trailed 41-33 at halftime at Iowa and were still behind 69-64, with 3:22 before the Ohio State's defense forced several turnovers that turned the tables on the Hawkeyes and led to a 77-71 win. Seven successful free throws in the last 1:26 by Clark Kellogg and Carter Scott clinched matters for the Buckeyes, but their main man was Herb Williams, who got 21 points and hauled in 12 rebounds. Ohio State again finished strong at Northwestern, winning 75-63 as Williams had 26 points and Kevin Ramsey 19 points and 13 assists.

With Kevin McHale getting 52 points in two wins, Minnesota stayed within a game of Ohio State. After rallying from nine points back late in the second half and beating Wisconsin 82-76 in overtime, the Gophers sank 27 of 29 foul shots to defeat Illinois 79-75.

1. DE PAUL (12-0)

2. OHIO STATE (11-1) 3. TENNESSEE (10-3)

EAST For 29½ minutes Georgia Tech stayed even with Duke, which began the week as the nation's No. 1 team, but the Yellow Jackets then let the Blue Devils slip away to a 55-42 ACC victory. Clemson wasn't so careless. The Tigers, with Bobby Conrad converting eight free throws in overtime, handed Duke its first loss of the season, 87-82. That left Clemson 3-0 and on top in

the ACC. Meanwhile Duke went plummeting to sixth in the league standings by losing 82-67 at home to North Carolina. The Tar Heels went into their four-corner offense with less than eight minutes to go, and Al Wood, who had 20 points, promptly broke a 56-all deadlock by slipping behind a Blue Devil defender for a basket. Wood earlier snapped a 58-58 tie against Wake Forest with a four-point play, scoring on a scoop shot despite being intentionally fouled and adding a pair of free throws to propel the Tar Heels to a 72-68 win.

Clemson's hopes of solidifying its ACC lead on Saturday were dashed 86-83 at Wake Forest as the Deacons earned their first league triumph by overcoming a 55-46 deficit with 15:13 remaining. That gave Virginia a chance to take over first place in the conference. But the Cavaliers were upset 64-56 at North Carolina State. Virginia Center Ralph Sampson was held to 11 points by the swarming Wolfpack, and State's Sidney Lowe, a freshman guard, directed a disciplined offense that was paced by Hawkeye Whitney's 21 points. Two days earlier against Maryland, Whitney had 16 points and triggered a 10-0 spurt that pulled the Wolfpack from five points back with 5:12 left and gave them a 67-62 verdict. As a result, North Carolina State, which was expected to have a down season, ended up

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROBERT SCOTT: Alabama's senior guard engineered two upsets. He had nine points, seven assists, a block, a steal and the basket that beat LSU 57-56. Against Kentucky, Scott had 25 points, seven assists and two steals.

on top of the ACC—the Amazing Cockeyed Conference?—with a 3-0 record. Since dropping its season opener, the Wolfpack has won 11 games in a row.

St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, suffering from a sore back, was soothed by a heating pad and two wins—44-42 at Princeton and 97-64 over Seton Hall. While adjusting the heating pad under his shirt during a practice, Carnesecca was embarrassed when his trousers, which he thought were being held up by a trainer, fell to half-mast in front of a group of fans. Also embarrassed was Seton Hall Coach Bill Raftery. With his team trailing the Redmen 48-19 at halftime, Raftery sent a note to Carnesecca: "I surrender."

Syracuse, one of only two major-college unbeaten, got 22 points from Center Roosevelt Bouie in a 72-69 win at West Virginia. Then, after the Orangemen beat Baltimore 94-64, Bouie had 17 points and Guard Eddie Moss came up with seven steals in a 64-54 defeat of Rhode Island.

1. ST. JOHN'S (11-1)

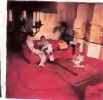
2. SYRACUSE (14-0) 3. DUKE (12-2)

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THE ESTABLISH- MENT VS. THE NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

To Vince Lombardi, the honor of the haughty National Football League was at stake as his mighty Green Bay Packers—the NFL's reigning dynasty—played the Kansas City Chiefs of the American Football League, or as Lombardi condescendingly called his opponents, "The team from the new league." What did Lombardi have up his sleeve for the Chiefs? "Nothing special," he said, his rumbling voice dripping with disdain. "Why bother? We'll do what we have always done. We've been pretty successful

with it so far."

For Green Bay, this meant that Jim Taylor and Elijah Pitts would spend most of the game taking handoffs from Bart Starr and running the famed Packer Power Sweep behind Guards Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer. There was nothing subtle or spectacular about the Packer Power Sweep—no deception in the backfield, no complicated blocking schemes for Thurston and Kramer. And the Packer Power Sweep was not designed to spring Taylor or Pitts for big yardage gains; indeed, a four-yard gain was enough to keep Lombardi satisfied. And the Packers gained those four yards just about every time they ran the Power Sweep because, stated simply, the Packer Power Sweep was the most perfectly executed play in football. Kansas City

Linebacker Sherrill Headrick said before the game, "We've watched that play on film for two weeks now, and we've never seen Thurston or Kramer miss a block or block the wrong man."

The Packer Power Sweep was so impressive to the Chiefs on film that 6 ft. 7 in., 287-pound defensive tackle Buck Buchanan bought Lombardi's football book and spent his idle hours studying the passages about Thurston and the Power Sweep. But that didn't help Buchanan or the Chiefs. With Thurston and Kramer knocking down Buchanan and Andy Rice at every corner, Taylor rushed for 53 yards, Pitts rushed for 45—and the Packers wore down the Chiefs 35-10. Afterwards, Lombardi sniffed: "There are a lot of teams in the NFL that would have given us a better game."

As the Kansas City Chiefs discovered in Super Bowl I, the Green Bay Power Sweep always worked because Packer Guards Jerry Kramer (64) and Fuzzy Thurston (63) always executed crisp and precise blocks, thus clearing the way for such runners as Elijah Pitts (22) to gain four, five and six yards a carry. And when the Packers were not power-sweeping the Chiefs, Quarterback Bart Starr (15) was riddling them through the air with his bombs to Carroll Dale (84) and Mel McGee (85), who scored 2 touchdowns. All in all, Green Bay's precision execution made it a very long day for the beleaguered Chiefs. Len Dawson (16), Sherrill Headrick (69) and Buck Buchanan (66).



THOM TOMBS

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GREEN BAY VS. THE BLAHS

The lordly Packers once again found it difficult to take the challenge from the new league seriously. Nor did the Raiders help stimulate the Packers with such remarks as this: "Playing Green Bay is like playing against your father. Those guys were my childhood heroes." Watching films of the Raiders a few nights before the game, the Packers all broke up when their coaches re-

played a scene in which one Oakland safety bowled over the other Oakland safety in the open field, thus allowing the opposition to score the easiest of touchdowns. Said Lee Roy Caffey, the Packers' right-corner linebacker, "It's pretty tough to get up again when you've already been on the stick for the two big games in the NFL playoffs."

The game was no contest. Packer Cornerback Herb Adderley intercepted a Daryle Lamonica pass and returned it 60 yards for a touchdown. Adderley also held the Raiders' long-

distance receiving threat, Fred Biletnikoff, to only a pair of receptions for a paltry 10 yards. On another Green Bay scoring play, Bart Starr and Boyd Dowler hooked up for a 62-yard pass and run maneuver. "It was easy," Dowler said after the Packers' 33-14 rout was complete. "I just balled by Kent McCloughan once I got the ball."

Defensive Tackle Henry Jordan had the last word. "The other league is getting better," he said. "If they improve as much each year, they'll be on a par with us soon."



The one player who perfectly symbolized the cold, calculated efficiency of Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers was Quarterback Bart Starr (15). A master play-caller, Starr would frequently cross up the defense on third and short-yardage plays by going for the big gain through the air, rather than run for a first down. Against Oakland Starr had Jim Taylor (31) batter the Raiders on the power sweep. Don Chandler scored with placements and Herb Adderley (26) returned an interception for a Packer TD—little wonder that Lombardi wore a big smile all afternoon. For Raider's Daryle Lamonica (3), Ben Davidson (83), Hawritt Dixon (35) and Fred Biletnikoff (25), smiles were not in order.



LOMBARDI'S BLEND

NFL PHOTOGRAPHY, INC.



JOE NAMATH'S LONG HAIR VS. JOHNNY U'S COACH CUT

Henry Jordan did not dream that the AFL would "be on a par with us" in just one year. On paper, the game between the New York Jets and the Baltimore Colts represented the attractive quarterback matchup of Joe Willie Namath, brash and bouncy, against two stately old pros—Johnny Unitas, the Man with the

Golden Arm who was the best quarterback of the 1950s and 1960s, and Earl Morrall, who had taken over as the Colts' starting play caller when Unitas was injured during the season.

Although the Jets were a solid 13-point underdog, Namath was full of bombast before the game. One night he attended an awards dinner and said, "The Jets are going to win Sunday. I'll guarantee you." On the other occasions Namath put down his opponents, saying, "Earl Morrall would be a third string quarterback on the Jets. There are maybe five or six better quarterbacks than Morrall in the AFL." Later, asked if he had any second

thoughts about his put-down of Morrall, Namath snapped: "Do I regret what I said? Hell, no. I meant every word of it. I'm sorry that [Baltimore Coach] Don Shula took what I said about Morrall as a rap. I only meant it as a statement of fact."

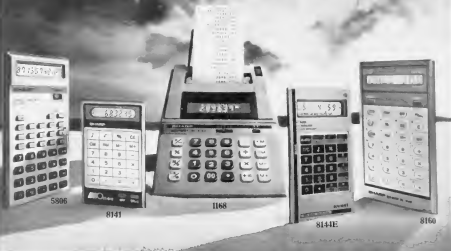
Once the game began it quickly became obvious that Namath knew what he was doing when he ran off at the mouth about the Colts. Broadway Joe's brilliant play calling kept the Baltimore defense in a go-minute state of confusion. On one series Namath skillfully marched the Jets 80 yards to a touchdown in 12 plays, and he also moved them into position so that Jim Turner



As even his coach, Weeb Ewbank, saw it, Joe Namath (12) had flat-out guaranteed that the New York Jets would beat the Baltimore Colts, and, well, Namath had to win—or eat his words. So Broadway Joe riddled the Colts with his passes, Jim Turner (11) booted three field goals—and when it was over the Jets had won and Colts Earl Morrall (15), Johnny Unitas (19), Tom Matte (41) and Coach Don Shula were not talking much about anything.



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could kick three field goals.

Late in the game, Unitas came off the bench to replace Morrall as quarterback for the Colts. On his first series Johnny U. hit on four passes while leading the Colts 80 yards and their only touchdown. But the Jets stopped the Golden Arm after that, and as Namath, who had completed 17 of 28 passes for 206 yards, triumphantly walked off the field following the Jets' 16 to 7 victory, he was waving the index finger of his right hand in the air. The Jets, Namath was telling the world—including most particularly Henry Jordan—were No. 1. And the AFL was on equal footing with the NFL.

THE OFFENSE OF THE FUTURE VS. THE OFFENSE OF THE PAST

Dapper Hank Stram, the coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, had retooled his team's attack in the three years since the loss to Green Bay in Super Bowl I, and upon arriving in New Orleans he immediately launched a week-long verbal blitz designed to convince the world that Hank Stram

was pro football's newest genius.

"The decade of the 1960s was the decade of simplicity," Stram pontificated. "During the '60s the good teams—the Green Bay Packers, for example—came out in the same formation all the time and ran the play. In effect, what they said was, 'Here we come, see if you can stop us.' Well, the 1970s will be the decade of difference—different offensive formations. What we try to do in Kansas City is create a moment of hesitation, a moment of doubt in the defense. It will be a decade of experiment, too, the decade of 18-or-so different offensive formations and the 300-or-so plays we can run from those sets.



To the sack-happy members of the Minnesota Vikings' front four, Kansas City Quarterback Len Dawson (16) represented the perfect target: Dawson, after all, was no Joe Kapp when it came to scrambling out of the pocket. Maybe not, but Dawson so thoroughly confused the Vikings rushers with his flawless execution of Coach Hank Stram's live-wire "Offense of the 1970s" that they never really got very close to him. Dawson and Ottis Taylor (89) spent most of the game playing catch by themselves, and when it was over Stram had convinced a lot of people that his wide-open attack was indeed a look into the future.



There will be nothing predictable about the offensive of the future as run by the Kansas City Chiefs".

Stram's stream of verbiage sounded like so much hogwash to the Minnesota Vikings.
"When you're on the field, it's put up or shut up," said one Viking. And another Viking said, "The offense of the 70s will die the first time we get to Lenny Dawson on the pass rush. He's not going to survive under a heavy rush." Dawson did seem ripe for the Vikings' Purple People Eaters; before the game he had been the subject of some strong rumors that suggested he was too friendly with some well



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known heavy gamblers.

Stram and Dawson enjoyed the last laugh. At times it seemed to the Vikings that all 11 Chiefs were in motion as Dawson was setting up his formations. Indeed, Stram's multiple formations so befuddled the Vikings that Dawson had all day in the pocket to pick out his mercurial wide receiver Otis Taylor and hit him with passes. Later, one Minnesota coach, trying to explain the Chief's 23-7 romp, said: "That offense of the future stuff is nothing to laugh at. We were cautious all game because their offense was so complicated. We just could never figure out what they were going to do next."



JIM O'BRIEN VS. THE WIND

The clock in the Orange Bowl showed 00:05 to play in the game and the score read Baltimore 13-Dallas 13 as Jim O'Brien trotted onto the field to attempt the 32-yard field goal that would give the Colts a 16-13 victory over the Cowboys. Mind you, O'Brien would not be facing the most important kick of his life if the Cowboys had not blocked his extra-point conversion attempt

earlier in the game when a Colt back missed his block.

Once the 23-year old O'Brien, whom the Colts called 'Lassie' because of his long hair, reached the huddle, the Cowboys promptly called Time Out—obviously hoping to make O'Brien think about the kick longer than he wanted to. During the time-out, O'Brien paced the perimeter of the huddle nervously. Then, once Referee Norm Schachter signalled for play to resume, the Cowboys tried to call still another time out. But Schachter said that a second time out with no intervening play was in violation of the rules, and



For 59 minutes and 55 seconds, the Baltimore Colts and the Dallas Cowboys romped up and down the Orange Bowl turf in Super Bowl V, and the story of the battle was right up there on the end-zone scoreboard: Colts 13, Cowboys 13...and 00:05 to play. Onto the field trotted the Colts' No. 80, Jim O'Brien, to try a game-winning field goal from 32 yards away. The snap...the ball is down...the kick is up...and...IT'S GOOD! Whew.



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ordered the teams to line up.

The ball was on the 25-yard line, and as Earl Morrall, the Colts' holder, set up on the 32, O'Brien suddenly said to him, "The wind, Earl... the wind. Where's the wind." Realizing that his young kicker was battling a case of the nerves, Morrall calmly said: "There is no wind... just kick the ball straight."

And O'Brien did just that—booming the football inside the right post by a good six feet—and suddenly it was over. Jim O'Brien was a hero.

THE COMPUTER VS. MAN

The playbook of the Dallas Cowboys always has been about twice as thick as the Dallas-Fort Worth telephone book. Asked one day what he thought of the X and O tome authored by Coach Tom Landry, a veteran Cowboy offensive lineman said, "I don't know yet I'm only about half-finished with it, but they tell me that in the end everybody gets killed." Always the innovators, the Cowboys were the first NFL team to computerize their playbooks and game plans, prompting rival teams to jokingly call them the "Dallas Xeroxes."

In preparing the Cowboys' for Miami, Landry fed his computer a steady diet of data bits about the Dolphins—and out came all the answers. The computer, for instance, revealed that on most first-down plays the Miami linebackers would attempt to cover the Dallas running backs one-on-one if they moved out as receivers. So, Landry, who called all the plays for Quarterback Roger Staubach, sent in mostly running plays on first down—and neatly trapped the Dolphin linebackers out of the action.

The computer also revealed that Miami was particularly vulnerable to the run up the middle, and that by throwing a lot of short flared-type passes to his running backs, Staubach could neutralize the effectiveness of



According to Coach Tom Landry's computer, to win Super Bowl VI the Dallas Cowboys had to control Miami Linebacker Nick Buoniconti and otherwise loosen up the Dolphins' tenacious defense. So, Landry had John Noland (76) and Dave Mendenhall (51) double-team Buoniconti all day, while Quarterback Roger Staubach (12) neatly softened up the Dolphins by throwing short passes into the flats.

Dolphin Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, perhaps the best performer on either team. So, Dallas ran almost exclusively up the middle, with Guard John Niland and Center Dave Manders double-teaming Buoniconti at every turn, and salted their offense game plan with short passes into the flat to loosen up the Dolphins.

Quite predictably, Miami adjusted its defenses at the half, and took away the Cowboys' inside running game. Then again, Landry's computer had prepared the Cowboys for just such a change in Dolphin tactics, and in the second half the Cowboys mostly forgot about the middle and went wide—both right and left—with pitchouts.

Score: Computer 24, Dolphins

THE DOLPHINS VS. DESTINY

Miami finished the NFL's regular season with a spotless 14-0 record, sailed through Cleveland and Pittsburgh in the playoffs and had a chance to become the first team in the history of the league to finish a complete season with a perfect record. But... Could Don Shula win the big one? Shula had failed in his two previous coaching efforts in the Super Bowl—with the 1969 Colts and the 1972 Dolphins. Now he was back once more, this time

against the Ice Cream Man, George Allen of the Washington Redskins.

There was never any doubt from the opening kickoff. Manny Fernandez, the Dolphins' massive defensive lineman, sealed up the middle and never let a Redskin get past. Nick Buoniconti, the lawyer-middle linebacker, read Redskin Quarterback Billy Kilmer's every move, intercepted a pass and hit anything and everything that came his way. Free Safety Jake Scott intercepted two passes. And Larry Csonka, the battering-ram fullback, was unfazed by having to carry several Skins on his back every time he roared through the

For the Miami Dolphins, it was two-games-in-one when they played in Super Bowl VII. Indeed, the Dolphins not only faced the Washington Redskins, they also squared off against the toughest of all opponents—Destiny. In the first game, the Dolphins easily handed the Redskins, winning by a 14-7 score. By doing that they also won the second game as they finished the season with a perfect 17-0 record—the best in the history of the NFL. The Dolphins were all magnificent—Larry Little (56), Coach Don Shula, Larry Csonka, the defensive trios of Nick Buoniconti (85), Doug Swill (53), and Manny Fernandez (75). For Bill Kilmer (17) and George Allen, it was a long day.



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middle for five, seven or nine yards.

Miami even had the last laugh on the Ice Cream Man. Allen devised a special play that called for Kilmer to throw back against the flow to running back Larry Brown, but the Dolphins sprung something called a Weak Zone Buck Defense—and when Kilmer threw to Brown, who was there to catch it but the ubiquitous Buoniconti.

And so Miami won by a 14-7 score—the final margin was hardly indicative of Miami's total control—and finished the year with a 17-0 record. It remains today as the best record in the history of the NFL.

VIII LARRY CSONKA VS. BIG BEN

The one adjective that has never preceded Larry Csonka's name is speedy. Or swift. Even in his heyday Csonka probably never ran the 100 in anything under, oh, 15 or 16 seconds. Then again, football coaches have

never expected Csonka—all 6' 1" and 235 pounds of him—to gallop 100 yards for a touchdown. To Csonka, a 100-yard touchdown run simply means a 100-yard drive in which Csonka carries the ball 25 times for 100 yards—an average of four yards per carry. Elapsed time: three weeks.

Over his career Larry Csonka has killed more clocks than a quality control chief at Timex. "If we have the ball and we're trying to protect a lead in the



He came out of Syracuse University, following in the tradition of such great Orangeman runners as Jimmy Brown, the late Ernie Davis and the wonderful Floyd Little. He was hardly a speedster. Larry Csonka (35) did not run around many Minnesota Vikings in Super Bowl VIII, but he ran over so many of them—time and time again—that Miami romped to a very easy 24-7 victory.

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fourth quarter," Dolphins Coach Don Shula once said, "we just give the ball to Zonka on every play and count the clock down." Indeed, to Csonka there is nothing more exciting than the four-yard power burst up the middle that wastes precious seconds on ol' Big Ben.

Csonka was at his clock-killing best against the Vikings as he carried the ball 33 times, gained 145 yards and scored two touchdowns in Miami's easy 24-7 victory. The Dolphins had so much

faith in Csonka's rushing ability—and his clock-killing ability—that Quarterback Bob Griese attempted only seven passes in the entire game. Taking the ball on the kickoff, Griese smartly moved the Dolphins 62 yards for a touchdown in 10 plays—and used up five minutes and 27 seconds on the clock.

Csonka did most of the heavy-duty work inside, and as the Dolphins approached the Minnesota goal line, Griese asked him in the huddle if he preferred a certain

play. "Yeah, the X block to the Left, Roll Right, Trap Left." As the play developed, Dolphin guards Bob Kuechenberg and Larry Little pulled and moved to the right and Csonka rammed through the gap in the left side of the line for the touchdown.

Minnesota ran only three plays and then had to punt to the Dolphins. Once again Griese went the land route, calling on Csonka to lead a 10-play, 56-yard drive for a touchdown that wasted another five minutes and 46 seconds



In all, Csonka lugged the ball 33 times, gaining a total of 145 yards. Dolphin All-Pro Unemen Larry Little (66) and Bob Kuechenberg (67) helped Csonka by opening holes wide enough for a tank. Quarterback Bob Griese (12) was content to let Csonka handle the football most of the time. As for Bud Grant, the Vikings' Coach, there was always next year.

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on the clock. In all, the Dolphins—who led 17-0—had run 20 plays and used 11 minutes and 13 seconds on Big Ben, while the Vikings had tried just three plays and used barely a minute on the clock.

"I knew we were in trouble when we couldn't stop them on their first drive," said Minnesota Coach Bud Grant. Or as another Viking put it, "That Csonka, he's never in much of a hurry, is he."

IN SIR FRANCIS VS. THE STEEL CURTAIN

Their names: L. C. (Daddy Bags) Greenwood, Dwight White, Ernie (Fat) Holmes and Mean Joe Greene. Their mission: Render useless one Francis A. Tarkenton, the scramblin' man quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings. Why Tarkenton? "They

don't go unless he goes," Greene said rather matter-of-factly. "And he's not going anywhere, take it from me."

On one play early in the game, Greene set the tone for the day. He lined up directly opposite Viking Center Mick Tingelhoff, and at the snap of the ball he (1) bowled over Tingelhoff, (2) brushed aside Tarkenton, and (3) smothered Chuck Foreman before the running back had taken a single step forward. In all, the Steel Curtain limited the harassed Vikings to just 17 yards on the



Unfortunately for Bud Grant, when next year did come the Minnesota Vikings lost still another Super Bowl game—their third—as Pittsburgh took it by a 16-6 count. All game long the Steelers' mighty Steel Curtain made life miserable for Fren Tarkenton and the Vikings. Steelers Dwight White (78), Jack Lambert (58), Mean Joe Greene (75), L.C. Greenwood (68) and Jack Ham (55) spent more time in the Minnesota backfield than any of the Vikings.



ground, tipped four of Tarkenton's passes and so-harried the Viking quarterback that he threw three interceptions. The Steelers also scored two points on a safety.


Afterwards, as he celebrated the Steelers' 16 to 6 triumph, Mean Joe took pains to make it clear that, "I'm not mean. I avoid violence. We got a lot meaner man on this team right over there — Jack Lambert. Why Jack's so mean, he don't even like himself."



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LYNN SWANN VS. THE SKY

One by one the losing Dallas Cowboys stopped off at the dressing room stall of Cornerback Mark Washington to cheer him up. "You covered him as well as any human could expect to cover him," one Cowboy said to the downcast Washington. Later, Washington said to a teammate, "I don't care what kind of catch a guy makes if he beats me, but the catches that guy made were..."

Washington was lost for the right word. Try 'unbelievable', as in the unbelievable Lynn Swann. Pittsburgh beat Dallas 21-17, but it was really Lynn Swann who beat Dallas. Every time the

Steelers were in trouble, Quarterback Terry Bradshaw would rifle-lob the ball way downfield in the general direction of Swann, and then Swann would soar gracefully up from the Orange Bowl's Polyturf field and swallow the ball with several Cowboys—Washington always among them—hanging onto him. Swann caught only four passes, but he gained 161 yards with those receptions and scored the touchdown that put the Steelers ahead 21-10 late in the final quarter.

What made Swann's aerial acrobatics even more spectacular was the fact that he had suffered a mild concussion in the AFC championship game and was a doubtful participant almost until gametime against the Cowboys. "I honestly didn't know until just before the kickoff if I'd be able to play," Swann revealed later.

Swann helped set up one Steeler touchdown with a tumbling, juggling catch of a 53-yard Bradshaw pass; vaulted over Washington to pull down a 32-yard pass; hauled in an 11-yard pass that was both 11 yards long and 11 yards high; and then ruined the Cowboys with his, well, Swann Song. On a third-and-four at the Pittsburgh 36, Bradshaw called a 69 Maximum Flanker Post—or, in layman's terms, Swann long. The Cowboys picked this obvious passing down to blitz Bradshaw, but they got to him a fraction of a second late. Bradshaw's pass travelled 64 yards, and there was Swann to snatch it away from Washington somewhere above the Miami skyline and trot in for the touchdown.

Bradshaw, though, never saw it. The blitzing Cowboys decked him on the play and knocked him barely unconscious.



In Super Bowl X, the defending-champion Pittsburgh Steelers proved to the world that they were not simply a one-dimensional football team. As expected, the Pittsburgh Steel Curtain shut down the Dallas Cowboys' computer-programmed offense. But what the Steelers' attacking squad did to Landry's Dallas defense was totally unexpected. Each time the Steelers needed a big play, Quarterback Terry Bradshaw (12) would wind up his golden arm and loft the ball in the direction of No. 88, wide receiver Lynn Swann, who, in turn, would break free from Cowboy Mark Washington (46) and make a spectacular catch.



GENE AND ART VS. JIM AND ALAN

There was no secret about what the Oakland Raiders planned to do when they had the ball. "When you've got the horses, you ride them," said Quarterback Kenny Stabler. "We're not a fancy team. We just line up and try to knock you out of there. And nobody—nobody—is better at it than those two guys."

Those two guys were Guard

Gene Upshaw, 255 pounds, and Tackle Art Shell, 290 pounds, who lined up alongside each other on the left side of the Raiders' offensive line. For years Oakland had been a 'left handed' team, meaning that Stabler, a left-handed quarterback, favored the left side for passing and running plays—and with good reason. Upshaw and Shell were among the best, if not the best, players at their position, and together they formed the best blocking tandem in the NFL.

For the game against the Vikings, who had already lost three times in the Super Bowl games,

Upshaw and Shell would be paired against Jim Marshall and Alan Page, two long-time All Pros. "We know we have to win the battle in the pit," Upshaw said the day before the game. If we can do that, we'll be able to run on them and Stabler will get them with his passes."

Upshaw was right-on with his prediction. With he and Shell in control at the scrimmage line, the Raiders ran 17 plays to the left and only three to the right during the first half. On a key third-and-seven call at the Oakland six-yard line, Stabler sent Clarence Davis behind Upshaw and Shell—and



The Vikings were pushed all over the field by their AFC opponents when they lost their fourth Super Bowl game in four tries—dropping 14 to the feisty Oakland Raiders by a 32-14 score. In fact, the Raiders so controlled the line of scrimmage that Kenny Stabler (12) never found himself throwing the football, mainly for exercise, and to give such Raider runners as Carl Garrett (31) a breather. For Viking Jim Marshall, though, there never was time to take a breather.



Oakland Linemen Gene Upshaw (63) and Art Shell (78) ruined the game for Marshall and Alan Page (38) as they crashed forward and opened gaping holes for Mark van Eeghen (30) and Clarence Davis, who gained a career-high 137 yards. And when the rout was complete, there was no doubt in the minds of Freddy Biletnikoff or Stabler—or anyone else, for that matter—as to which team was No. 1.

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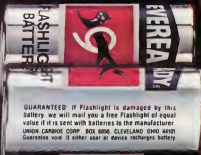
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the play gained 55 yards to send the Raiders winging to their first touchdown.

In all, Davis had the best day of his career, gaining a total of 137 yards on the ground—almost all of it on rushes to the left, behind Upshaw and Shell. The Raiders, ripped up the Vikings for 266 yards on the ground, and the cool Stabler—given plenty of time in the pocket—completed 12 of 19 passes for 180 yards and one touchdown.

But maybe the most impressive statistic was this: Jim Marshall had Zero Tackles. Art and Gene won the battle, the Raiders the war.

VII DOOMSDAY II VS. THE ORANGE CRUSH

Led by their ferocious, sack-happy Orange Crush defense, the Denver Broncos qualified for the playoffs for the first time in their 18 year history, beat Pittsburgh and Oakland to win the AFC championship and showed up in New Orleans all done up in orange. The Dallas Cowboys, a team used to championships and

Super Bowl appearances, just showed up without any fanfare. Or as one Cowboy said, "We'll let ol' Domsday do the talking."

The heart of Tom Landry's Domsday II flex defense consisted of Tackle Randy White—nicknamed Manster, because the people in Texas thought he was half man and half monster—and End Harvey Martin—nicknamed Too Mean, because the people in Texas liked to say that the Cowboy defensive ends were Too Tall (Ed Jones) and Too Mean. Anyway, so much for tall Texas tales.

Denver supposedly had the toughest defense in the NFL, but



To the Dallas Cowboys. Sunday is always Domsday, a fact of life that the Denver Broncos learned the hard way in Super Bowl XII as Tom Landry's Domsday II defense spearheaded the Cowboys' 27-10 triumph. Co-MVPs Harvey Martin (79) and Randy White (54), along with Too Tall Jones (72), ruined the day for the Broncos, and then Roger Staubach (12) added insult to injury by picking apart Denver's supposedly impenetrable Orange Crush defense.





Report of the
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the Orange Crush was easy pickings for Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach, who emphasized a total ball-control attack—Dallas owned the ball for almost 39 minutes—as the Cowboys rolled for 325 yards. The real crushing, as it turned out, was done by White and Martin, who led a charged-up Cowboy defense that forced four Denver fumbles and intercepted four Denver passes in the first half alone.

As Martin celebrated the Cowboys' 27-10 victory, he said, "Orange Crush is soda water, baby. You drink it. It don't win football games."



XIII TERRY VS. THE MOUTH

Dallas Linebacker Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson a/k/a The Mouth That Roared and Roared and Roared, wasted no words on the Pittsburgh Steelers, verbally lambasting each and every Steeler from the moment the

Cowboys touched down in Florida. Henderson called Steeler Linebacker Jack Lambert "Dracula", and said that Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw was so dumb that "he couldn't spell cat if you spotted him the c and the a," and, oh yes, Hollywood told them that Dallas would win the game 31 to 0.

Well, Hollywood was dead right on the Dallas score. The Cowboys did in fact score 31 points, exactly the number Henderson had predicted. Trouble



Super Bowl XIII proved to be a very lucky number for the National Football League, as the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Dallas Cowboys combined to provide the kind of offensive pyrotechnics that the previous 12 Super Bowl games had sorely lacked. Quarterback and MVP Terry Bradshaw (12) led the Steelers to their 25-31 victory by riddling Thomas Henderson (56) and the other Cowboys with precise passes to John Stallworth (82) and the ubiquitous Lynn Swann (88).





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was, the Steelers scored 35 points—and shut up Henderson by winning their third Super Bowl game, the first NFL team to do so.

There was nothing 'dumb' about Bradshaw's performance; in fact, a more accurate word was 'brilliant'. By halftime Bradshaw had passed for 253 yards—breaking the single-game Super Bowl record—and three touchdowns, and he finished the game with 17 completions in 30 at-

tempts for a record 318 yards and a record four touchdowns. He was easily voted the game's MVP. Bradshaw started off with a 28-yard scoring pass to John Stallworth, then, after Dallas had taken its only lead at 14-7, he connected with Stallworth on a 75-yard scoring play to tie the score at 14-14. He later added a seven-yard TD pass to Rocky Bleier and an 18-yard scoring pass to the acrobatic Lynn Swann.

As for Henderson, the last time he was heard from was in the fourth quarter, when he had a verbal run-in with Steeler Running Back Franco Harris. Moments later, an aroused Harris burst right through the middle—leaving Henderson in the dust—and went 22 yards for a touchdown.

Bradshaw naturally had the last word. Said a Steeler teammate, "Terry wants everyone to know that you spell cat c-a-t."




And when Bradshaw was not shooting down the Cowboys with his passes, he was handing the ball off to running backs Rocky Bleier (25) and Franco Harris (32) and watching them pierce through the middle of the Dallas defense with ease. Harris scored what proved to be the decisive touchdown when—on the play following a verbal skirmish between Harris and Henderson—he exploded through the middle of the line and rambled 22 yards into the end zone—practically untouched by any Cowboy.



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Spinks was no sphinx

Inscrutable Leon got his act together—for now—and KO'd Alfredo Evangelista

It all boiled down to that fleeting moment in the second round when the roars drowned out the chants from Leon Spinks' corner and all that seemed left of his career was the sense of ruin he had brought to it. Almost four years after Spinks had won the Olympic light-heavyweight gold medal at Montreal, just two years after he had pummeled Muhammad Ali and borrowed the heavyweight title in Las Vegas, there was Spinks on Saturday afternoon in Atlantic City—trapped in his own corner, frozen and swaying—as Alfredo Evangelista of Spain raked his jutting jaw with left hooks coming off right-hand leads. The cries of Spinks' trainer, Del Williams, were barely audible, as if Williams were howling in a wind tunnel. "Hands up, Lee! Move, Lee! Get out of the corner! Slide, Lee!"

This was what Spinks had feared more than all else. Last June 24, in Monte Carlo, Gerrie Coetzee of South Africa had handed Spinks his most humiliating defeat. Disregarding his instructions, which were to box Coetzee through the first few rounds, Spinks had attacked from the opening bell, and Coetzee had seen an opening almost immediately and caught him flush. He knocked Spinks silly, and when Leon got to his feet, Coetzee nailed him again and then put him down a third time to end it in the first round. The experience rattled Spinks. "That was the first time I had ever been down," he said after the Evangelista bout. "Period. I was scared about getting in the ring against Evangelista. A lot of fighters, when they go down once, go down ... down ... down ... They have a streak of downs. I was hurt today, but there wasn't time

to be scared. I was just trying to hold myself together, to save myself somehow."

But save himself he did, somehow. Spinks fought his way out of the corner. Bobbing and weaving, his eyes vacant, his lower lip bleeding and his legs wobbling, he moved away swinging. He survived the round. And, as quickly as he seemed to lose his grip on the fight, he won it back. He took over in the third, and picked up the tempo in the fourth. He knocked Evangelista out in the fifth with six unanswered punches—three hooks, a right uppercut, an overhand right and another one that dropped the Spaniard. What made Spinks' victory all the more dramatic—the early beating he had taken aside—was that it was crucial to his career. A loss to Evangelista would have been the final blow to his reputation.

Spinks is 26, but his fight with Evangelista was only his 11th as a professional. He beat Ali in his eighth pro bout. If Saturday underscored his pluck and terrier courage, it also revealed how much he has to learn as a fighter—technically, that is, from slipping and placing punches so protecting his head by raising his hands. Larry Holmes would jab him to shreds, and a banger like Earnie Shavers would find his head an appealing target.

Unlike his 1976 Olympic teammate, WBC welterweight champion Ray Leonard, Spinks was brought to his title fight too quickly for his long-term good—if not for his short-term benefit. He ambushed an aging, unwary Ali to win the championship, but he was unable to handle the pressures that came with the title—the money, the sudden fame, the conflicting advice from family and friends and the incessant demands on his time. There were minor scrapes with the law and bad publicity. Then he trained erratically for the second Ali fight. He would disappear from camp for days on end, seeking to get out of the crush of pressure. Chaos trailed him like a cape. When Ali regained the title from him,



After a slow start, Spinks (left) was the aggressor

Spinks' corner was a cacophony of discordant voices. One handler, George Benton, actually left during the fight and never came back.

If losing the championship was disappointing, the knockout by Coetzee was devastating to Spinks. Until Saturday he had been idle for nearly seven months, trying to come to terms with his failure.

"Inside, I didn't accept it," he says. "I was really alone, by myself. I went out and felt sorry for myself. It stayed with me a long time. You get scared. You get afraid. Then a change went through me that never had before. One day I said, 'What the hell, everyone loses. What are you gonna do now? You're still a young man. Can't stop now. A lot of people made the same mistakes you made. Get up, take two steps forward and try again.'"

Spinks took only one step, and actually it was sort of sideways: he signed to fight Evangelista, the former European heavyweight champion with whom Ali once went 15 yawns.

Spinks went into the Evangelista fight with a new trainer, Williams, a man who learned his boxing alongside Joe Louis

continued

in Detroit. "Now it's different," Spinks said. "I think my head is screwed on straight." If Williams has been in charge of keeping things straight inside the ring, Jerry Sawyer has taken over outside of it. Last July Sawyer resigned from his job as a personal trust officer for the National Bank of Detroit to become Spinks' financial adviser. "I'd like to see Leon in and out of boxing and financially secure as quickly as possible," Sawyer says. "That's our pact."

Not that Spinks, who earned nearly \$4 million defending his title against Ali, is strapped. If he wanted to, he says, he could retire now and live comfortably "like other people do." But what else could he do? "Lay around and get fat." So he agreed to fight Evangelista.

Spinks signed for a reported \$100,000 and began his training in December, at promoter Don King's farm in Ohio. There was talk that there was a "new" Leon Spinks, but doubters recalled that a new Spinks had also been proclaimed before the Coetzee fight. Certainly he

seemed sluggish in sparring—and vulnerable, too. One of his sparring partners, Terry Nicopolis, got the best of more than one exchange the week before the fight. But Spinks seemed unperturbed. Accessible and in good humor, he spent his days in Atlantic City relaxing in his room between training sessions. A devout follower of soap operas, he watched them for hours, advising the uninitiated as to who was sleeping with whom. He tuned in Tom and Jerry cartoons and he played Monopoly. One night, around midnight, he was found playing the silver-dollar slots. Feeding three machines simultaneously, he hit a \$100 jackpot and let out a whoop. "No more!" he said, scooping the silver into paper cups. "Quit while you're ahead." Though he's a night owl, Spinks nonetheless raised eyebrows with his late hours. In fact, early Saturday morning, about 12 hours before his 1 p.m. fight, he was sitting in a hotel disco listening to Joe Frazier, the former heavyweight champ, sing songs. "What's so wrong with going to the dis-

co for a few minutes?" Leon would say later.

Unlike most fighters, who do roadwork early in the morning, Spinks ran at 10 a.m. and worked out in the gym into the early evening. He steadfastly kept his own clock and remained himself. "I want the world to accept me as myself," he says. "Before, I was trying to satisfy everyone. Now I want to satisfy me. I'm not going to bite my tongue for anyone. Before, I was afraid of what people would think of me. Not now.... People say I'm dumb, because of the mistakes I've made. But it was all new to me. I'm more serious about my life now, and I'm going to satisfy Leon for a change."

He satisfied himself on Saturday, and, he says, he's back in the game in earnest. He is going for the championship. He recognizes he has things to learn, especially after the fight with Evangelista, when he said, "I can be better than I was. Now I have to go back to training—next week. I want it bad. It's my goal. God bless, I'm gonna make it." **END**

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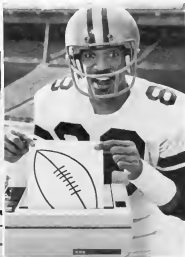
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Stadler bearded the field, shooting a funky 343

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While Craig Stadler got the season under way with a win in the Hope, the scorers strived semi-mightily to get the numbers for Commissioner of Stats Beman

of old movie stars at the Racquet Club to the mobile homes of Indio. For most of the field, the round was declared only half-finished. The pros marked their bulls in the flood plains of Indian Wells, amid the statuary of Eldorado, around the lakes of La Quinta or on the knolls of Bermuda Dunes, which sits way out yonder apart from the others, like an outpost on the Santa Fe Trail. And, having nothing more constructive to do, the players then awarded themselves a free drop into the daily jam session at Indian Wells, where they could watch all of the hairdos by Mr. Bleach whirl around on the dance floor to this year's desert anthem, *After the Lovin'*.

The players were told they would complete their rounds on Thursday, and because few of them had more than nine holes to play, they were permitted a later-than-usual start. Noon. And this in turn allowed them a little extra time in the bars. So it was that a tour regular, Ed Sneed, had a conversation Wednesday evening that was not untypical of what passes for dialogue in Palm Springs between a recognizable face and non-so-knowledgeable fans. As he sat in a hotel bar with friends, Sneed found himself stared at by a strange couple. Presently the lady said, "We've seen you on television. What's your name?"

"Fred Harps," Sneed said.

"It's Fred Harps, honey," the lady said to her husband.

"It sure is," the man said, smiling.

The lady asked, "What did you shoot today?"

Sneed said, "I had a 36."

The lady seemed troubled by that report for a moment. Then, with a slight frown, she said, "What did you do with your other nine holes?"

Sneed did not stop laughing at the

question until the next afternoon when he and the other 127 pros and the 384 amateurs who play the first four rounds had finished up the inaugural 18 holes of the year. For the fifth and final round, rescheduled for Monday afternoon, the amateurs would go away and the Hope would become a regular golf tournament that would see the double-knits competing against soap operas for a television audience.

One thing the two-day opening round did was give everyone a chance to contemplate the myriad statistics that the public is going to be bombarded with this year. Each week America is going to learn—down to several decimal places—who the tour's most accurate drivers are; who the longest drivers are; who the best putters are; who makes the most birdies and eagles, and who hits the most greens in regulation, along with other indices Americans have come to expect, like who is winning the most money and what Jack Nicklaus had for lunch.

However, it occurred to some of the pros around Palm Springs last week that Tour Commissioner Deane Beman had overlooked some important categories in the statistics he ordered up last month as a means of making the tour a more "viable force in the sports marketplace."

Regardless of what the new numbers show after a couple of months, the pros already know who the most accurate drivers are. They are people like Lee Trevino, Larry Nelson and Tom Kite. They already know who the longest hitters are. They are people like Fuzzy Zoeller, Andy Bean and Dan Pohl. They already know who hits the most greens in regulation. They are people like Hale Irwin, Trevino and Nelson. They already know who the best putters are: Ben Crenshaw, Tom Watson and Dave Stockton. And when

The first official round of golf on the 1980 PGA tour took an average of 27 hours and 48 minutes to complete. This was because it rained so hard on Bob Hope's desert midway through last week that for a while everybody's Guccis became bathtub boats, and all those young men who normally park the Ultra-suede golf carts at Indian Wells, La Quinta, Eldorado and Bermuda Dunes had to double as valet lifeguards.

On Wednesday afternoon, during what was supposed to be the first 18 of the 90-hole \$304,500 Bob Hope Desert Classic, the sky suddenly grew darker than a date milk shake, and sheets of water drowned everything from the ghosts

102 of them were asked who was going to win the most money in 1980, only 96 of them responded with Tom Watson. Nicklaus did not get a vote for anything, but, then, nobody was asked who they thought the low golf-course architect might turn out to be.

Far more engaging, perhaps, would be the results of statistical analysis to determine:

1. Who takes the most drops from line-of-sight obstructions. The odds would favor John Schroeder, who has intentionally hit into more grandstands to avoid water hazards than anyone. John also takes the most time doing it. Once on the third round of the Colonial National Invitation he took so much time playing into and dropping out of the grandstand at the 18th hole that the telecast went off the air before he reached the green.

2. Who requests the most free drops from holes, which are caused by burrowing animals, that turn out to be anthills. Gary Player already has an insurmountable lead.

3. Who comes up with the most reasons for not playing well, such as, the baby cried all night; the air-conditioning in the motel was impossible to adjust; it was an unusually cold fall in California; the airline lost my golf clubs; and the dog ate my homework. When Johnny Miller withdrew in the first round at Palm Springs, he explained that he had cramps in his neck that might have been caused by clearing land around his home.

4. Who comes up with the most reasons for playing better, such as, Phil Rodgers gave me a bunker tip; Ken Venturi gave me a pitching-wedge tip; Byron Nelson gave me a long-iron tip; David Graham loaned me a driver; I found an old putter in the basement of a friend's house; it was an unusually warm fall in Texas, and I have a new wife. When Nelson started off 1980 by playing as well as he did in 1979 he offered that he did not find as much pressure in a golf tournament as he did while leading a light infantry team into combat in Vietnam.

5. Who in the press tents of the PGA tour will consistently ask the dumbest questions of either a competitor or Tom Place, the tour's public information director, such as, where do they play the Crosby; how many carats are in the diamond in Cal Peete's tooth; and is there anyone on the circuit you admire more than Dave Eichelberger? The answer: any radio man.

continued



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The rain ended, there was Hope and the Hope

Even as the grist for Berman's statistical mill was being gathered by lady scorers in Palm Springs, somebody suggested that the commissioner had other prizes he could award if he really wanted to stimulate interest in the game. There were various slams to win. For example, the winner of the Hope would have a leg up on the TV slant; he would only have to add victories at the Joe Garagiola Tucson, the Jackie Gleason Inverrary and the Ed McMahon Quad Cities. A Singer's Slam would go to anyone who won the Andy Williams, the Bing Crosby, the Glen Campbell and the Sammy Davis Jr. in the same year. The Corporate Slam comes up this summer with the Kemper in Washington, the IVB (Industrial Valley Bank) in Philadelphia, the Manufacturers Hanover Trust in Westchester and the American Optical in Pleasant Valley, outside Worcester, Mass.

Meanwhile, it developed that gathering all the information Berman was demanding on the driving and putting and GIRs (greens in regulation), and so forth, was not that simple. All the lady scorers were carefully briefed by PGA staff members on what to do with their charts.

Write down the player's name. Write down the color of the player's shirt and pants. Fill in the blanks on each hole: hit fairway, missed fairway, trap, putts, etc. But, alas, after the first round of the Hope several of the charts did not get turned in, and many of those that were showed up with all the stats, but without the name of the player. Some contained a satirical description and nothing more. One lady kept statistics on the three amateurs but not the professional in her foursome. And one lady calmly announced beforehand that she was not going to bother with it. After a PGA official concluded his briefing with the assurance that the score-keeping was going to be very easy to manage, the lady went up to him and said, "I'm not going to do this."

Realizing the lady was a volunteer and could not be forced to keep the statistics, the official asked, "Are you going to score in the tournament?"

"Yes," the woman answered. "Every round."

"It would be most helpful to us if you would keep the chart," said the official. "Well, I'm not going to do it," she said and walked away.

And she didn't.

One could only speculate whether this lady's decision might eventually cost someone a precious GIR somewhere down the line.

The most readily available statistics at the Hope were the scores the golfers shot. At the conclusion of the two-day opening round the lead was shared at 68, four under par, by three men who each played a different course. Jerry Pate was at Indian Wells, Keith Fergus at Eldorado, and Bob Proben at La Quinta.

Bob Proben? Yes. Proben was so new he had never even been to California. "I'm just having a great time," said the rookie from Michigan. "I've never seen a mountain before." That got him a tie. Nobody had ever seen a Bob Proben before. And no one saw him again after he shot a 77 on the second day.

The latter half of that first round was highlighted by a roll of thunder that came from the vicinity of the 6th hole at Indian Wells. It came when a 50-year-old golfer named Arnold Palmer made a hole in one with his trusty eight-iron. "Life begins at 50," Arnold said in a free moment, when he wasn't talking to an amateur named Gerald Ford.

It was in Friday's second round that Nelson shot a 65 at Eldorado and start-

ed looking like the same guy who quietly won \$281,022 in 1979, a total second only to Tom Watson's record \$462,636. Nelson took a one-stroke lead on the field with a nine-under-par 135. It looked as if half the population of California was directly behind him. Breathing on Nelson were a lot of Scott Simpsons, Craig Stadlers, Victor Regalado and Butch Bairds. One reason they were close may have been that Nicklaus, Watson, Trevino, Irwin and Zoeller were not in town. The whole roster of big guys won't come together until the Crosby at the end of the month.

Nelson shot a 70 on Saturday at Bermuda Dunes, the toughest layout of the four, and continued to cling to part of the lead. Regalado's 68 at Eldorado also put him at 205, 11 under par. This, too, was the day the fat guys began moving up: George (Cuddles) Cagle and Mike Sullivan fired 65s, and Craig Stadler and Bob Murphy inched up on the lead. The combined weight of Stadler, Murphy, Cagle and Sullivan is around 900 pounds.

On Sunday the fat guys kept coming. Stadler and Cagle shot 69s, and Sullivan and Murphy 71s. One of them, Stadler, wound up tied for the lead with Nelson mainly because Nelson got a triple bogey on the 2nd hole at La Quinta. His drive landed under a tree, and from there Nelson hit his ball out of bounds. After that he settled down, making five birdies and salvaging a 71 for the day.

Nelson's and Stadler's 72-hole totals were 276, a fine, familiar number of the kind one is accustomed to seeing at the end of a golf tournament. But this was the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, where all things are different and where Frank Sinatra Drive is threatening to stretch all the way to the Arthur Godfrey Causeway in Miami. In the Hope they play 90 holes, so the pros had to go back out on La Quinta on Monday to decide whose GIRs would get him the \$50,000 first prize.

On the last day, Nelson bogeyed the 9th and Stadler parred it, and the Hope had the fat man with the beard for a leader. Thereafter, it was a contest between a beard and a mustache, because Tom Purtzer, displaying a newly bushy upper lip, was as many under par as Stadler. A birdie for Stadler at the 16th gave him a one-stroke lead over Purtzer and he parred the last two holes to get the 67 that won him the year's first tournament with the funky total of 343. **END**

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JASTROW'S DIATRIBE WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER TO CHIRKMAN

There's a precious brouhaha afoot on the fairways and greens that is putting a little spice into the new TV golf season. The commotion is not among the golfers, who would benefit by stirring up a little attention, but among the networks. The air has been filled with statements, counterstatements and so many interpretations of golf ratings that the situation conjures up the Benjamin Disraeli line, "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics."

Some of the arguments:

- Golf is in trouble on television vs. golf is in no more trouble than any other sport in the eyes of sponsors
- Golf ratings are down vs. golf ratings are not down vs. they are not down by any more than other sports
- ABC televises golf better than CBS vs. CBS is better than ABC vs. all three networks televise the sport relatively well vs. how many viewers can tell the difference, anyway?

The first shot was fired by ABC director Terry Jastrow last summer when he beamed the state of golf on television. Jastrow, 31, a former college golfer at Houston, directs ABC's U.S. Open telecasts; he also is trying to carve out a career as an actor. "Golf on TV, if it is done as poorly as it is now being done by the other networks, can seriously damage the game," Jastrow said. "Our skirts aren't clean at ABC, but CBS hasn't essentially changed its static approach in 15

years, and NBC is just third-rate in all respects."

Those comments were particularly galling to the people at CBS, where Frink Chirkman, 53, has been the magdormo of golf production for more than two decades. Said Jastrow, "Chirkman is as good as anyone if the event is good and close, with key players at contention. My problem with his coverage is that if the event is not close, no effort is made to present it any other way. If the game is boring, CBS will show it boring." ABC, he said,

tries to liven up a dull tournament by doing interviews with players, caddies, wives and kids—what the network calls, in the immortal phrase coined by Rooney Arledge, the president of ABC Sports, "up close and personal."

Chirkman responded, "The guys who want to run sidebars want to subjugate the event to their own egos. How do you humanize a player in 40 seconds? At CBS we report the event first and then make it entertaining. Remember, simplicity in itself is an art."

NBC Executive Producer Don Ohlms identified Chirkman as the best director doing golf and said, "I find repugnant the sheer egotism that would allow Jastrow to set himself up as the determining factor for what is good and bad in coverage. Maybe they should set up a course at the New School with Jastrow lecturing on how to televise golf; I would take it if the tuition wasn't more than \$2."

The debate over how TV coverage should be handled has now expanded to encompass broader concerns about the sport and TV. On top of a dip in the composite golf ratings on all three networks from 7.4 in 1975 to 5.4 in 1979, there was an ominous development last October: the decision by Chevrolet to cut its involvement, to the tune of some \$12 million, as a major sponsor of the PGA on CBS.

Insiders suggest that all this is part of a pattern—that interest in golf is on the wane—but Deane Beman, the PGA tour commissioner, disagrees. He notes that the ratings

for his events did not go down last year from 1978, when the figure was also 5.4. And he points to TV factors that played a part in the decrease in ratings since 1975.

When ABC regularly telecast PGA events, its highly rated *Wide World of Sports* show provided a big lead-in audience for golf. But when ABC dropped PGA golf after 1978 (retaining the U.S. Open, PGA Championship and British Open), some of the tournaments that moved to CBS and NBC suffered in the ratings because they had to go up against *Wide World*. In addition, ABC golf telecasts had occupied a "ratings-desirable" later time slot because ABC Sports had control of the network until 7 p.m. EST. NBC and CBS must yield to the news at 6 p.m. and, thus, program golf at less desirable earlier times. Also, bad weather in the Northeast and Midwest raises the early-season golf ratings, and last winter it was relatively mild in those areas.

Curiously, despite Jastrow's comments about ABC superiority, ABC's ratings for the U.S. Open and the PGA fell off most of all, the Open dropping from a 5.8 in 1978 to a 5.3—"less than the rating we got for our Western Open telecast," says Chirkman gleefully.

For the new golf season that started with the NBC telecast of the Bob Hope Desert Classic last weekend (page 84), both NBC and CBS are adding innovations. NBC is putting in a third relay camera to bolster its close-up coverage from behind the golfers and doing profiles of 10 of the top young pros to enhance their fan appeal. CBS is adding a sports-magazine segment at the opening of each telecast that will include player profiles and reports on the tour. Both networks will feature the PGA's new round-by-round statistics in eight categories—driving distance, birdie percentage, eagle and birdie leaders, etc.—which Beman says should spotlight golfers' strengths and give them public identity.

If all this looks like a response to Jastrow's criticisms, Chirkman counters that it is a natural outgrowth of the current golf situation, in which there is a need to play up the new names that dot the leader board almost every week. "When Mr. Jastrow makes up his mind whether he's a part-time actor in beer commercials or a bona fide production entity in television," says Chirkman, "then I'll listen to what he has to say."

END

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Someday I think I'm going to be right up there with Marques Johnson, Walter Davis and the Doctor," Mike Mitchell was saying the other day. "I feel like I'm destined to be one of the greats of the NBA. Only right now nobody knows who I am."

Mike Mitchell? Hey, how come nobody knows that name? Say it again: Mike Mitchell. After all, he's one of the best young forwards in the NBA, averaging 20.2 points a game. You've got to stress the alliterative qualities of the name, attempt to achieve a certain tonal resonance, make it sing: Mike Mitchell. Nobody knows who he is? Well, that's not entirely correct. Coaches love him and the players have learned to fear and respect him.

When Mike Mitchell was chosen by the Cleveland Cavaliers in the first round of the 1978 draft, his name was such a well-kept secret that even Mitchell was surprised to hear it so soon. Mitchell had left Auburn as that school's alltime leading scorer and rebounder, winning the Southeastern Conference scoring title his senior year. But Auburn is noted for having pretty good football teams, not for basketball—at least, not since 1960 when it last won an SEC title.

The fact that Mitchell's name is now being mentioned in the same breath with those of such prominent small forwards as Julius Erving, Jamaal Wilkes, Marques Johnson and John Drew is a measure of just how hard he has worked and how far he has come in only two pro seasons. "He has unlimited potential," says Billy Cunningham, coach of the Philadelphia 76ers. "He can play inside and outside with equal effectiveness. If you try to lay off of him to keep him from going low, he'll pull up and nail the jumper on you." Says Quinn Buckner of the Milwaukee Bucks of the 6' 7½" Mitchell. "You have to keep somebody in front of him and behind him all the time because he's so quick and so strong. If he gets the ball down low, forget it; you can't stop his shot."

This, of course, is what we now know to be true, but a year and a half ago there was Mitchell just hoping in his heart of

hearts that he would get taken before the third round of the draft. Instead, he became the 15th college player selected. After negotiating with Bill Fitch, then the Cavaliers' coach and general manager, Mitchell signed a five-year contract that called for only about \$50,000 his rookie season. This year he will earn nearly \$70,000—still some \$60,000 below the NBA average—but to get that increase he had to agree to give up his no-cut provision, a fairly startling concession for a first-round pick. "Fitch kept telling me all the things I hadn't accomplished in college," recalls Mitchell, "and reminding me that I had only been invited to play in one All-Star game. During my senior year we hardly ever won. If we had won a national championship at Auburn, I think it would have gone a lot better for me."

With that as prologue, it seems only natural that Mitchell would have been nervous when he reported to Cleveland's rookie camp. He was. "When he got here," says Jimmy Rodgers, the Cavs' director of player personnel, "we quickly discovered that he couldn't run up and down the floor more than twice without looking totally out of breath and sick to his stomach. Here was our No. 1 draft choice throwing up every time we turned around. Naturally, we were concerned." Well, naturally.

The team's physician was called; Mitchell was examined for everything from low blood sugar to high dudgeon and was pronounced fit. "They finally decided it was nerves," he says. The next day he was given a relaxant before practice and almost immediately his play improved dramatically. The medication stopped the next day, but Mitchell's improvement didn't. "I can't say enough about him," says Atlanta Coach Hubie Brown. "As they say in our business, he's looking very sweet now."

And not just on the court. Off it, Mitchell has long been a sweet dresser, too. While he was living temporarily with his aunt in Cleveland, she taught him how to make his own clothes. Later, when he moved back to Atlanta, his hometown, he took a home economics

continued

Mitch makes his pitch

Unsung Mike Mitchell, the Cavs' hot scorer, is claiming attention at last



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class at Price High School; he was the only male in the class when he joined. In time, Mitchell began making not only his own clothes but outfits for his classmates, as well. When he attended the school's junior-senior prom, both he and his date were wearing stitches of Mitchell's.

Mitchell went on to take a major in education (he minored in physical education) at Auburn, where he also dazzled his teammates with his creations. Says Eddie Johnson, then a star at Auburn and now an All-Star for the Atlanta Hawks: "You can't tell whether he made it or he bought it." Mitchell, however, has retired his thumbtack since he joined the NBA. "I found out if you've got the cash," Mitchell says, "you can get anything."

Well, almost anything. As they say in Huhie's business, even money can't buy the kind of work that Mitchell has given the Cavaliers this year. In Cleveland's four games last week, Mitchell scored 34 points against Houston at home, 32 in Atlanta, 23 Friday in San Antonio and 22 more Saturday at Houston.

The biggest beneficiary has been Stan Albeck, who replaced Fitch last summer as the Cavaliers' coach. "I was absolutely amazed when I got here," Albeck says. "When you see the kid on a day-to-day basis, you begin to understand how valuable he is. If you told the other 21 teams in the league they could have any player they wanted from us, the first guy they would take is Mitchell."

Although he played nothing but zones in college, Mitchell's defense is steadily improving. And though he is second only to Dave Robisch among the Cavaliers in rebounds, with an average of 6.6 a game, he does not yet pound the offensive boards well enough or often enough to put him in the kind of company he hopes to keep. "I keep reminding him that he's going up against the best forwards in the game every night," says Albeck. "and every time one of them beats him, it's as if that guy were stealing the food right out of his family's mouth. I tell him he can play with Dr. J and Jamaal Wilkes, but that as long as they're making that much more money than he is, they're just picking his pocket. He really responds to that."

Right now, nobody knows who Mike Mitchell is. Right now. But when the time comes, Mitchell will become a star. "I'm more than ready," he says. "I'm willing." And able.

END

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The beach boys on blades

Sorry, snowbirds, but playing at USIU isn't just suntan time in San Diego

Even in midwinter, the sun warms San Diego, yet inside the Mira Mesa House of Ice, just off Interstate 163, it feels more like Quebec than Southern California. Despite its name, which suggests that the building might house a wholesale ice-cube distributor, this dimly lit barn of a place is a skating rink, and home ice for United States International University's hockey team.

The very thought of college hockey in Beach Boys territory smacks of a publicity stunt, which isn't far from the truth. A small private school (enrollment 3,500, one-half of them graduate students) with many foreign students and branch campuses in London, Nairobi and Mexico City, USIU has image problems. "I've got an USIU decal on my car, and friends are always saying, 'But I thought you retired from the Navy,'" says one faculty member. USIU's doctoral pro-

gram in behavioral sciences is nationally recognized, but most people, San Diegans included, had no clue what the school was until this winter when USIU rounded up a hockey schedule of big-name opponents—Harvard, Bowling Green, Ohio State, Denver—and began to distinguish itself by winning or splitting most series. This season USIU has a 16-8-2 record and is now being identified as "that school with the hockey team."

Hockey's emergence at USIU was almost an afterthought. A few years ago, hoping to counter the school's "foreign" reputation, USIU officials mounted an all-out campaign to attract more American students in the traditional all-American way: athletics. Sid Gillman, the 68-year-old former head coach of the San Diego Chargers, was hired as athletic director last January to give credibility to what was then a dismal sports program.

USIU had begun playing hockey just before Gillman's arrival, mainly because of university president Dr. William Rust's longtime interest in the sport. In

As Notre Dame (dark jerseys) discovered, the Ice House is primitive

August of 1978, a Ph.D. candidate named Maynard Howe offered to organize a team in exchange for a graduate assistantship. Howe had played a bit of hockey and had coached briefly at the University of Maine before going west to study psychology. Begging favors from coaches he'd known, Howe patched together a schedule, spent all of three weeks recruiting in Canada and California and put a surprisingly solid team on ice. The Gulls finished the 1978-79 season 20-6-1. Howe then plunged into heavy recruiting for the current season, leaning on the most effective sales pitch for frostbitten Canadian players: sunshine.

"This is a great place to play hockey, no question about it," says Goalender Paul Billing, who hails from Windsor, Ontario. Billing says he was "apprehensive" about USIU when first approached, wondering if California-style hockey could be for real, but the weather convinced him to give it a try. "You play hockey, and you've got the beach, the sun, the girls," he says. Sunny climes are the biggest lure for opponents, too. "It's our ace in the hole," says Al Palmotto, who succeeded Gillman as athletic director when Gillman joined the Philadelphia Eagles last April. "For teams that play us, it's a nice little R&R in the middle of a Midwestern winter." And because other schools have no reason beyond getting suntanned to play in San Diego, USIU pays part or all of the opposition's expenses to the Coast, although total gate receipts from hockey games could barely cover a trip from San Diego to Disneyland.

Breaking even financially is an impossible dream for USIU teams. With no athletic facilities on campus except a soccer/football practice field, the school

continued

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Monique

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must rent outside space. The basketball team drills in San Diego Municipal Gym and plays in the 13,783-seat San Diego Sports Arena, often to the cheers of 600. The football Gulls compete in 52,596-seat San Diego Stadium, pulling in perhaps 1,000 paying customers a game, and hockey attendance at the 2,000-seat Mira Mesa meat locker ranges between 200 and 1,800.

Engaging in a long-term money-losing proposition—to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars a year—in hopes of going “big time” athletically is one route to recognition, but such expenses cannot help but drain a tiny private school. Still, coaches at USIU seem to operate on generous budgets. Who pays? Whispers abound that a pipeline of Iranian dollars backs the university, and there are rumors that a recently deceased well-heeled alumnus willed a few million to the school. Other speculation has it that USIU is someone's private tax deduction. But school administrators are closemouthed when queried on funding, admitting only that they are losing money and citing anonymous “backers” in the San Diego area. Howe, whose official title is Resource Development Liaison—“it means fund raising”—doesn't discuss cash flow. Rival coaches are also asking questions. “I can't figure out how USIU is funding its athletics,” says one.

“You can tell that the hockey program is new,” says Defenseman Andy Edur. “We'll run out of right-handed sticks, the skates won't be sharpened, or the ice will be awful. Little things. Like no towels in the locker room.” Towels seem to be a continuing problem for the Gulls. “When we played there, we each got one towel the size of a washcloth, for game and personal use,” says one Denver player. “Then they accused us of stealing them! For what, handkerchiefs?”

Towels and fiscal reticence aside, USIU's record has been impressive. “They've really been highly representative,” says Denver Coach Marshall Johnston, whose team was beaten by the Gulls in October. “Maybe we underrated them,” he adds. “The atmosphere there is so unlike hockey.”

Denver was unfortunate enough to visit San Diego during a rainy spell, and the Pioneers discovered

that USIU's rink, besides being dark and much too cold, has a leaky roof. “They had buckets to catch the drips all over the ice,” says Johnston. “We had to skate around them.” SKATE AT YOUR OWN RISK warns a sign near the snack bar. The boards are so battered and chipped that once when a puck was hit out of play, it flew through a crack in a door to the bench. Spectators are shielded from the action by rusting chicken wire along one side, while both ends offer a few panes of pockmarked Plexiglas.

But Goudie Billing defends the rink, saying, “Teams come here and think we're a joke. A rink isn't a team. We've got talent and pride.” Indeed, more than one calnapping team has been out-muscled by USIU. Three weeks ago, USIU beat Harvard twice, 7-2 and 8-3, and it recently swept a pair from Notre Dame, 5-1 and 7-3. “Everyone comes out here thinking it's a four-day vacation and two automatic wins,” says Howe, “but they'll learn to take us seriously.”

Teams visiting USIU do have trouble taking the school with a straight face. The campus, which is located on a hilly tract in northern San Diego County, is a high-priced chunk of real estate featuring eucalyptus, occasional snakes and dorms

that resemble double-decker egg crates. The rink is four miles to the south, and those who do attend the games seem to be baffled about USIU's identity. At one recent game, two USIU rooters repeatedly yelled, “Come on American International!” That particular institution is in Springfield, Mass.

Howe's coaching philosophy might well turn Bobby Knight's stomach. He metes out no punishment to players who arrive late at practice or even skip it altogether, imposes no curfew and never chews out a player in front of his teammates. Howe's demeanor behind the bench is highly emotional, much like that of a Bible-thumping preacher. “My father was a minister, a very charismatic speaker,” Howe says. “Maybe I think of myself in that way, too.” He will sometimes cancel practice completely for a few days, as he did after the Notre Dame games. “I did that in Denver and some kids were upset,” he says. “They all felt we needed practice, but I told them to take the time when we would have been skating and just sit and think about the game. That would help more than physically practicing.”

Howe's opponents find such an approach puzzling. “Maybe there is some basis to what he's doing,” Johnston says, “but most kids need practice in stickhandling and skating backward. Meditation may be all right, but you can't improve those skills by not practicing.”

Howe continually refers to the maturity and responsibility of his charges, but Randy Moy, one of his assistant coaches, wonders about that, too. “Last week, I got a call at 10 p.m. from a couple of players who wanted me to pick them up at the airport,” he says. “We shouldn't have to be baby-sitters. Maturity and responsibility? Wouldn't a mature, responsible person make his own arrangements to get home from the airport?”

Whether or not Howe sticks around—he talks of starting a hockey program at another California school—he has people talking about USIU, for sure. The Gulls are by no means a polished team, but they're winning against stiff competition.

So, for now, hockey is an I.D. card for USIU, the only school where players can celebrate the season's end with a beach party.



When Howe isn't coaching hockey, he is raising funds

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CONTINUED

In 20 years Pete Rozelle has grown from the dauphin to unrivaled monarch of the NFL by twisting arms, doing P.R. and making everyone rich. But that may not do it in the '80s

by **FRANK DEFORD**

The National Football League, born Sept. 17, 1920 in Canton, Ohio, is 5½ years older than its commissioner, Pete Rozelle, born March 1, 1926 in Lynwood, Calif. Five and a half—that's not much of a spread; they're both in their 50s and have grown up together, the last 20 years as one, indistinguishable.

It's eerie how the lives of the man and the league have paralleled. As they grew up, the Depression hit both. The league almost foundered, being kept afloat in large part by a forgotten commissioner named Joe Carr, just as Rozelle's own father lost his grocery store and struggled to keep his family on an even keel. The war forced further disruptions upon both (although Rozelle's putative military career, an old chum recalls, was confined mostly "to running the football pool on some kind of supply ship"), but then, in the aftermath of the hostilities, both began to mature. Rozelle, age 20—"looking 15, acting 30," a journalist who was there remembers—was significantly, symbolically present on that very day when the NFL spanned the hemisphere and started getting "classed up," to use Rozelle's expression. A student at Compton Junior College, Rozelle was a gofer for the Rams' P.R. man the summer of 1946, when the team moved from Cleveland to L.A. and trained at Compton. Rozelle has always had a facility for being in the right place at the right time. Branch Rickey once defined luck as "the residue of design." By that gauge, Pete Rozelle is the residue of design and luck.

That summer with the Rams, Rozelle discovered he was best at being a P.R. man. He was offered the job of undergraduate sports information director at the University of San Francisco and went

north to finish his schooling. Later he would win a P.R. account with San Miguel Beer because the brewery rep who saw his resumé admired Jesuit-trained Catholics; USF is a Jesuit school; Rozelle is a very lucky Methodist. Not long after he arrived in San Francisco, the NFL put a team there. No one realized it yet, but clearly Rozelle was the dauphin of the NFL.

In the '50s, television discovered pro football and at last the NFL began to prosper, precisely when the young Rozelle himself rose to prominence. He quit as the Rams' P.R. man in '55 to take a \$3,500 raise with a San Francisco P.R. firm run by a man named Ken Macker. When Rozelle left the Rams, Dan Reeves, the club president, gave him an engraved pen and pencil set. The engraving read: "Pete, remember, money isn't everything." In '57 Rozelle got another large raise when the Rams hired him back as general manager. Macker gave Rozelle another pen and pencil set. The engraving read: "Pete, obviously, money is everything."

Rozelle was married in 1949, and in 1958 his only child—Ann—was born. Then, 20 years ago this month, on Jan. 26, 1960, the league, 39, in desperation, on the 23rd ballot, chose the Rams' general manager, 33, to lead it. Nobody was yet smart enough to see that he was the dauphin. "Pete just came out of the sky," old Art Rooney, owner of the Steelers, recalls. Rozelle was in the men's room, washing his hands, when Carroll Rosenbloom of the Colts came in with the news.

Rozelle was acceptable precisely because he was an unknown, a polite young man who knew how to hold his tongue and his liquor. When Wellington Mara

of the Giants went to Rooney proposing the bid, Rooney said he would have to check with his close colleague, Frank McNamee of the Eagles. This is what McNamee said: "Yeah, sure, but who is Pete Rozelle?"

If Rozelle hadn't been elected commissioner, he'd probably be long out of football now. He wasn't all that great shakes as a general manager in Los Angeles. He sent Norm Van Brocklin to Philadelphia and made the Eagles champions, and he gave up way too much to get his old USF schoolmate, Ollie Matson, from the Chicago Cardinals.

But the '60s, after he had become com-



missioner, were glory years. Pro football became a national phenomenon and all of Rozelle's life. He moved the NFL office from the back rooms of a small building in a Philadelphia suburb to midtown Manhattan, within walking distance of his apartment—whenever he did go home. Television couldn't pay Rozelle enough for his games. Judge Landis had Babe Ruth. Rozelle had TV. In 1964 he got the league a two-year contract for \$28.2 million. He started calling the clubs to tell them they had signed for \$14.1 million. He meant per year, but a lot of clubs thought he meant \$14.1 million for the whole two-year package, and

they thought that was terrific. Then the commissioner would say, no, no, you double the fourteen-one. It was out of control: one...! two...! three—count 'em—three... networks! The merger! The Super Bowl!

Then, wouldn't you know it: the mid-life crisis. Rozelle's marriage fell apart; he started to put a little weight on around the mid-section; and the players, heretofore a sweetheart group of grateful and/or dumb employees, suddenly revolved and threatened to strike. Strike the NFL! Football is American, striking is American, but striking the NFL is most definitely not American.

At one point during the summer of 1970, when the players were first rearing up on their hind legs, the commissioner invited John Mackey, the head of the players' union, and the players' lawyer, Alan Miller, to come to his apartment for a private talk and spend the night. Rozelle also invited a couple of team executives, including Tex Schramm of the Cowboys. Now, of all the patrons the young Rozelle attracted, perhaps Schramm has remained the most important. It was Schramm, then the general manager in L.A., who brought Rozelle into the league, as the Rams' flack; it was Schramm who, more

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Even when playing pool at his Westchester County home in his new role as the contented suburban squire, Rozelle is surrounded by the trappings of his game



than anyone in the NFL, was most responsible for smoothing the path for Rozelle's merger plans with the AFL. Certainly, no one has ever argued that Tex Schramm and Pete Rozelle don't share many common thoughts.

It is significant, then, that at that meeting Schramm suddenly turned to Mackey and said, "Do you want to go down in history as the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg?" Mackey says this untoward charge made him so "uncomfortable" that he got up early the next morning and left Rozelle's place before breakfast. Rozelle remembers the meeting as a warm and fruitful one that helped conclude the dispute, so that the goose could get back to her business.

There was a preseason strike that summer and another one in '74, and the little matter of \$16 million the league paid to the players to settle two lawsuits—but otherwise, it was secure and comfortable middle age. Rozelle had to give up eating rich desserts indiscriminately. He fell in love with a beautiful younger woman on a tennis court. Both he and the league stopped being phenomena and became institutions. "Rozelle took us out of our old football phase and made us what we are today, which is big business," Art Rooney proclaims. Ed Garvey, the executive director of the NFL

Players Association, is, in his own special way, even more complimentary: "Pete Rozelle has made the National Football League the first enterprise in America, in all the world, to have achieved absolute pure socialism." The point is, every team makes big money (Rooney), and all approximately the same amount (Garvey). Winning isn't anything, belonging is.

Even if you aren't an owner, even if you don't like football, there is something for you. For the children, there is Punt, Pass and Kick. For the grownups, there is Bosoms, Brutality and Betting. The only spoilsports who appear to be dissatisfied are the kneeless humanoid known as players, but Rozelle has managed, cleverly, to remove himself from that field of strife. He has made a bunch of his owners, known as the NFL Management Council, responsible for that dirty work, and they don't even get paid for it. You don't think Rozelle is a smart sonuvabitch? He makes something like half a million dollars a year to run the NFL, and he has no responsibility for the main problem. It would be as if President Carter worked a deal with the electorate whereby he didn't have to bother with Russia; he could leave that to the state legislatures.

But the owners who pay Rozelle are

happy with his accomplishments, and the league, in its mellow and melliferous fettle, properly enjoys an elder statesman at the helm. As ever, Rozelle's own person mirrors his league. For the first time, mansions in the Park Avenue offices (and, ye gods, even some journalists) grouse that the chief is not so accessible anymore. He is now a contented suburban squire—"This is really my first home"—remarried, to the lovely lady he met on the tennis courts. She is gracious and stylish, educated in England—The Queen Bee she is called—and they troop the league together, at once a royal couple presiding and giddy teen-agers holding hands.

Rozelle, the once and future king, the always king, is what people expect in a commissioner and what leagues seek in one. He was, he says with a laugh, "the child czar" when he fell from the heavens 20 years ago, and while he is no less the monarch today, he and his league are so interwoven that he seems to be able to rule as much by osmosis as with the silver tongue or the iron hand. At meetings, things just seem to bend to Rozelle's will, so much so, says Don Weiss, his top aide, "that Pete not only knows what the answer will be before the question comes up, but he can make the owners think they arrived at the answer. A guy like Dan Rooney [president of the Steelers], who knows Pete well and knows how he works, has even gotten up sometimes and said, 'Look, I know how this is going to end, so there's no sense in me fighting it, but I would just like to get this on the record.'"

Rozelle will serve the league at least until 1986, when his present contract will run out and he will be 60. But can he dare retire then? Will the league tolerate it? Surely, if Rozelle ever leaves the NFL, it will turn back into the Decatur Siskies and the Frankford Yellow Jackets, and Sundays will revert back to God, Monday nights to bowling.

At the age of 53, at the height of his powers, Rozelle gets more prosperous all the time, and he looks better with age, as skinny people often do. Once he gobbled cake and milk shakes, trying desperately to gain weight. Now he has a little pot and weighs more than 200. He stands 6' 2" and, as ever, fans who meet him are surprised to discover how tall he is.

Rozelle has a receding hairline and a

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At games, Rozelle is never without visual aids

bold spot on his crown, but he has no gray hair, and he does marvelous things with a suntan, even when it's cold and cloudy. He constantly smokes Carlton cigarettes, and he looks extraordinarily alert and healthy. Most people think their eyes are their best feature, possibly because it is pretty hard to loose up eyes à la noses and ears, but, in fact, Rozelle really does have outstanding eyes. Unfortunately for him he also has a weak Gallic chin, so he could never be called handsome. But people like Rozelle so much that they go out of their way to classify him as "nice-looking."

The Rozelles were Huguenots who found their way to California in 1891, when Pete's paternal grandfather came out from Indiana and set up a ranch on the Los Angeles River. Rozelle's mother is dead, but his 79-year-old father is still living in Lynwood, in what is mostly a black neighborhood now.

The commissioner himself lives in a huge red brick Tudor house in Westches-

ter County, about 45 minutes, as the limo drives, from his office. A tennis court is beside the house, a swimming pool behind it, and a lot of tasteful bric-a-brac and family photographs clutter the premises, giving the place the feel of an earlier time. There is also a lot of television apparatus for watching today's games. Trophies, citations and a plethora of posed photos abound in one clubroom. If you are what you eat, you are also, if you are a celebrity, who you are posed with at dinners. Here is Commissioner Rozelle with Jack Kemp, Willis Reed, Teddy Kennedy, Howard Cosell (twice), Pat Summerall, Frank Gifford and John Denver, just to name a few, too numerous to mention.

Rozelle's daughter Ann is at college now, but the four children of Carrie Cooke Rozelle live at home. Carrie's first husband was Ralph Cooke, the son of Jack Kent Cooke, whose wife just won a record \$41-million divorce settlement. Mrs. Pete Rozelle says that the former Mrs. Jack Kent Cooke is "my best friend in the world." Mr. Jack Kent Cooke is the majority owner of the Redskins, one of the 28 owners Mr. Pete Rozelle serves.

And this is the way it works: the players, press and fans matter, but only the owners count. "This job is a hybrid," Rozelle says. "It's in between being the chief executive of a large company and being the executive director of a trade association. I inherited a strong constitution and an office that held respect, but the whole thing—no matter what the constitution says—is getting the confidence of the owners."

And Rozelle has been a master at this; he's the perfect hybrid for the hybrid job. On the one hand: "Let's face it," says Len Haus, the former Redskin center who is president of the NFL Players Association, "Rozelle's an entertainer and the league social chairman; all he is is the highest paid P.R. man in the world." But Rozelle is also a consummate money man: the glad hand always comes back with some honey stuck to it.

Rozelle is a P.R. man who genuinely tries to stay out of the spotlight: "Some people think I'm aloof, but I really am bashful." It is also instructive that, according to his wife, "Pete never puts his monogram on anything." If you were a clever P.R. man and your initials were P.R., would you put that fair warning on your breast pocket? Instead, Rozelle has

always understood that first you must establish the ground game, i.e., turn a dollar. He has never forgotten that what owners do is own. Or: Pete, obviously, money is everything.

And besides that, Rozelle on owners: "No matter how much you stroke them, it's never enough."

Still, for a clever commissioner, it is a great deal easier to deal with owners than to deal with players, because owners don't have a union. The very thing that made them owners—that they are strong, independent men, most of whom have already become successful in some other business by listening to no one—makes them naturally reluctant to join forces with one another. When it counts, Rozelle can pick them off one by one as they come through the pass, as he did last fall to Robert Irsay, the portly Baltimore mogul, who had been tripping around the country, shopping the Colts in such places as Jacksonville and Memphis and Los Angeles, proclaiming that the club was "my candy store and I can move it wherever I want to." Rozelle met with Irsay for 40 minutes, one-on-one, and the Colts are staying in Baltimore.

Irsay has had plenty of company through the years. Probably the first owner Rozelle faced down was the venerable Halas, who was coaching his Bears at the time. Papa Bear wanted to protest the work of the officials in some Chicago games, and he said he would deign to meet the child czar at the airport. Rozelle ordered him into Manhattan, to his office, and Halas capitulated. A more disagreeable foe was the Redskins' owner, the cantankerous George Preston Marshall. Bill MacPhail, now a cable TV executive, was, in the early '60s, not only an especially close friend of Rozelle's but also the head of CBS Sports. He recalls a visit he made with the commissioner to Washington, when Marshall started "wagging his finger no more than an inch from Pete's nose and saying over and over, 'Young man, you were in diapers when I started in this league.' I couldn't believe any man could control himself under such circumstances, but Pete never flinched, and finally all he said was, 'Mr. Marshall, I'm sorry, but you haven't answered my question.'"

Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Colts and, later, the Rams, was a strong man, attractive in many ways, and he picked some fights with the commission-

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ROZELLE

continued

er, Al Davis of Oakland has been an even more persistent critic. But for whatever reasons—Rosenbloom may have been too slick, while Davis forever seems to be burdened with a chip on his shoulder—they could never attract others to their banner. Ed Garvey, the union boss, chubby and untoured still in the uses of charm, is a tailor-made adversary for Rozelle: shrill and doctrinaire when on the attack, vulnerable on the defense, unable to maintain a united front "I know I make it easy for him," Garvey moans.

Just as Rozelle's antagonists have always been no match for him, so has he been lucky to have had no real competition from his peers. The other personally engaging commissioners—Clarence Campbell, late of the NHL, and Larry O'Brien of the NBA, say—suffered internal problems in their leagues that dimmed their flames, while Rozelle's only real rivals in the power department, the baseball commissioners, have been Frick, Eckert and Kahn—none of them beguiling. It is revealing that while baseball's great resurgence of popularity has been well documented, none of the credit is ever given to Kahn—in the public mind he will forever remain just the dummy who goes to freezing cold baseball games in tropical worsteds—while the press and fans are quick to attribute even the most minor NFL advances to Rozelle.

Rozelle is not only lucky, but he also has a history of falling upon good fortune right off the bat. As soon as he got back from the Navy in 1946, there were the Rams training at his little JC. As soon as he went to USF, a neighborhood college nobody had ever heard of, Joe Kuharich's football team went 9-0 and Pete Newell's basketball team won the NIT. And as soon as he became the football commissioner, "I was really lucky that certain problems developed right away that could be solved."

Owners like Marshall of the Redskins, Rooney of the Steelers and Rosenbloom of the Colts had private TV deals, and Rozelle persuaded them to give their deals up for one cooperative venture with CBS. Then he obtained an antitrust waiver, and the league was on the road to riches. Not long afterward, Rozelle's decision to suspend Paul Hornung and Alex Karras for gambling indiscretions gave him the proper Judge Landis patina. When the stiff penalties—both Hornung

and Karras ultimately were suspended for a season—were announced, Rozelle appeared all the more to be a leader of uncommon strength and probity.

Thus, with these early decisive actions, the image of Commissioner Pete Rozelle was cast, and his actions in the years since have only strengthened it. The television money has continued to pour in; today, each of the 28 teams makes \$5.6 million a year from TV. The commissioner has continued to carefully defend the league's honor and reputation; the Joe Namath/Bachelors III brouhaha maintained the precedent set in the Horning-Karras case. Rozelle continued to show a real genius for winning friends and concessions for the NFL in Washington; the merger was obtained largely by Rozelle's playing up to two powerful Louisianians, Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long and the late House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs. The merger was slipped through as an amendment to an Investment Credit Act, and then, as soon as it was decent, New Orleans got the next expansion franchise.

And the Super Bowl: it grows splashier, grosser, more American Obscene with each passing Roman numeral.

Recently in the vicennial of Rozelle, his league has inclined more to excess than progress. He himself speaks most proudly about NFL charities and the league's support of United Way (Carrie sits on the national board), and while no one can doubt his sincerity or altruism, it does seem odd that such extraneous items are so paramount for him. When the press or Players Association brings up topics more germane to football, such as brutality and drugs, gambling or racism, the commissioner and his colleagues tend to be indignant, rather than responsive; Rozelle has an unbecoming habit of employing the word "overkill" to those who dare criticize. Suddenly, it seems, it is not the league, not pro football, that must be protected, but the status quo.

Rozelle has excelled as a politician and negotiator, a genteel Lyndon Johnson, but none of the issues that point daggers at the league now can be put on the table and ironed out. Rozelle could virtually lock up his owners for a day or more until Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Baltimore each took \$3 million in mud money and agreed to shift into the AFC. That was pure, classic negotiating—arm-twisting, head-turning, sweet-talking. But he

continued



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can't lock the teams up for a day or a week and negotiate a simple conclusion, say, to the implicit racism that is obvious in an organization with a work force that is approximately 50% black, but employs only a minuscule number of blacks as middle managers and none whatsoever in top-echelon coaching or management positions.

For the more delicate issues that threaten the league now, Rozelle seems oddly unprepared. His bland answer to the racism charges is that the NFL is no worse than anyone else. The matter of brutality is discussed primarily as a nuisance business factor: "Well, yes, violence must concern me because everything gets to litigation these days, and now we're also down to only three companies making helmets."

The NFL is rapidly becoming the handmaiden of the illegal gambling industry. But Rozelle merely throws up his hands in the face of this deepening predicament, and he continues to profess the bizarre opinion that legalized gambling will threaten the "integrity of the game"—although it is not quite clear how the game's integrity is enhanced by its present *de facto* affiliation with illegal gambling. In this regard, Rozelle often resembles poor old Bowie Kuhn, telling us it is not cold because he doesn't have an overcoat on.

Until now, Rozelle's leadership has been followed because he has made more and more money for his owners. But in the years left in his reign, being successful will be more difficult—the main question being whether or not he can lead his owners to higher ground, though he may not have a big pot of gold to persuade them to follow him. The politician who can manage that will indeed retire a statesman.

So far, Rozelle's greatest strength has been his personality. This is in no way meant to disparage him as some smiling lightweight. On the contrary, he possesses many other notable qualities. His reputation for being prepared is legend. He is cool, persevering, patient, logical, bright and a quick study. His subordinates praise him for his fairness; he almost never blows up. He is compassionate and decent. On top of all this, he dislikes jogging and plays a dandy game of social tennis. Still, what is singular in the man is that just about everyone who meets Rozelle likes him.

For this, Rozelle, age 30, was made general manager of the Rams, so he could mediate between two warring ownership factions: Get Pete, everybody likes Pete. For this, he was made commissioner. For this, he constantly gets a good press; he always gets the benefit of the doubt. He has that rare quality of being elusive with interrogators while, all the while, appearing candid. But he knows when to become a "highly placed league source," and, whenever he can stop playing Mister Commissioner, he genuinely likes being one of the boys (and, after all, before he became a P.R. man, it was his childhood ambition to grow up and be the writer who covered high school sports for the L.A. Times), and he can sit up till the wee hours, swapping tales and drinking Rusty Nails, a poisonous mix of Drambuie and Scotch his system tolerates.

It is perfectly foolish to have Rozelle on a payroll and not use him to meet directly with any outsider the league is trying to impress or seduce. With the players, for example, Rozelle always performs most capably in those more structured, well-defined situations where his blend of civility, logic and preparation pays off: with networks, Congress, the owners and the press.

We should not be surprised, for example, that the long war with the AFL did not really show us Rozelle at his best. Those hostilities had none of the polite convention of business intercourse, or the predictable rationality of normal commerce.

But it is not owners and politicians that the commissioner is going to have to deal with in the '80s. Almost all the concerns now are player issues: brutality, safety, drugs, race, free agency. There must be serious doubts that this is Rozelle's bailiwick, that these are his times. It is interesting, for example, to listen to John Mackey, a quite reasonable man, who has been one of the few players to be an adversary of the commissioner for any period of time. "I have to take my hat off to Rozelle," Mackey says, "because he's done a tremendous job for football, but as smart as he must be, it amazed me how little foresight he showed. We had Vietnam at the time, turmoil everywhere, and a lot of things were changing. Any leader should have seen that the league was drafting players from those campuses, that pro football had to

change, too, and be prepared for that. But Rozelle didn't. I never felt that he truly understood what was happening."

"The man was always polite, and he always seemed to be honest and sincere. Certainly, I know he's a P.R. man, but I don't believe he's an Academy Award actor. So I did believe him, which is exactly why some of the things he said to me struck me as so absolutely stupid. At one point in 1970 he told me we had to sign the collective bargaining agreement in a hurry because Vince Lombardi was going to die and that would upset the owners so much that they wouldn't negotiate anymore. So I was supposed to sign immediately. Incredible. I didn't give Vince Lombardi cancer. At those times, no matter how well-meaning Rozelle seemed to be, he just didn't seem to understand what was going on in the world."

Today, Rozelle admits, "I'm not as close to the players as I used to be," even in Mackey's time. He adds that, with 28 teams, he is also not as close to the owners. His close friends today include people like Gifford and Summerall and Kemp, and, in a way, these are still The Players to Rozelle. The ones continued



Rozelle (B) started as forward in junior high

who strike and smoke pot and don't venerate Vince Lombardi are impostors. There may be more of a generation gap between them and Rozelle, who started out so young and has slowly grown a gap, than men like Kuhn or O'Brien, who came to their jobs when they were into their 40s and 50s respectively.

Rozelle says he is not the least bit self-conscious about the fact that he, who never played football, is the premier football man in the nation; everybody has a job to do. Rozelle—skinny as he was—was a respectable enough athlete of the high school variety. He made the basketball and tennis teams at Compton High, and he wrote about athletes and hung around them as an equal. Duke Snider was a Compton High School classmate and basketball teammate, and twice, Snider recalls, the young Rozelle tipped the football coach off to strategy—once saving Compton a tie, the other time producing a 20-19 victory. Rozelle genuinely admires players, holding them in higher regard than he does owners and journalists, the other people he has to deal with, fence with, and (usually) outwit. One gets the impression that he really doesn't want to have to get down and argue with players.

Rozelle is really a very traditional creature, and player unions didn't come along to spoil the neat little NFL world until well into his tenure. He stays close to old friends, is known for his loyalty—as anybody who ever hired Joe Kuharich on his recommendation is well aware—and while there are no cute Rozelle anecdotes, almost all his friends quickly and naturally offer up warm testimony to his thoughtfulness. The word "loving" is applied to him an extraordinary number of times. So he is an endearing man of firm roots and early success, and once something becomes solidly fixed in that man's mind, it must take a great deal—like a clear majority of the 28 owners—for it to be dislodged.

It is intriguing, for example, that when Rozelle discusses his opposition to legal gambling, he says, "Once integrity is shattered, you never get it back. Look at game shows on TV. Or college basketball. Since their scandals, they've never been the same."

This is a preposterous statement. Both college basketball and game shows have never been more popular, but the point-shaving revelations came at a time when

continued


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Rozelle was closely involved with the sport at USF and the TV fixes took place shortly before he started negotiating with the networks and, as a consequence, these dusty old events are ingrained in his mind.

In the same way, Rozelle seems to possess an almost wishful view of the NFL as that quaint society that once existed, players and owners all struggling together, without TV, without baseball's respectability, without profits. "The players just see me as authority," he says. "They don't ever consider that I'm the guy most involved in obtaining the TV contracts for the owners, so then they can go out and get some of these great sums away from the owners for themselves." Hey, he's crying, we're all in this together, fellows.

But the players union does not respond in kind; it takes an almost malevolent view of Rozelle. Whereas the baseball and basketball unions tend to view Kuhn and O'Brien as management, professional adversaries, more personal antipathy is directed at Rozelle, and he is viewed as an extreme—more repressive, more reactionary than the consensus of the owners. Further, it is Garvey's cynical view that Rozelle is not altogether honest in attacking the union, that he does so in order to create an external devil to frighten his owners into sticking together. "As soon as he lost the AFL as a common enemy, he turned on the union," Garvey declares.

But then, turnabout is fair play. Rozelle maintains that Garvey is walking down the same side of the street. "Ed Garvey constantly attacks me because he feels if he attacks the top guy he might—*freely build a cohesive union.*" Rozelle says. "I'm glad grievances go to outside arbitration now. What do I want with the kind of power Larry O'Brien has that constantly causes him problems? I don't want to be on the spot. I want to be an escape valve. But Garvey doesn't want that. He prefers confrontation and controversy to tranquility and progress."

Garvey: "Rozelle loves to call himself a neutral, posing as the lonely guy in the middle. Now he's the only man in America who still believes that, but he keeps on playing the role. Let's face it: Rozelle is the head of a monopoly, and his job is to keep it a monopoly and keep it unregulated. And he does a great job at that. I told Rozelle once that I'd love to re-

resent him in his own contract negotiations, because whatever he's getting, they ought to double that. Rozelle does a helluva job at making the owners money and controlling the players. He gets all the owners to agree on everything that restrains the players, and only if you came from another planet could you believe otherwise."

Rozelle accuses Garvey of renegeing on agreements, of "trying to take every bite out of the apple" after it has already been divvied up. He also never misses a chance to point out that Garvey attended the "University of Wisconsin in the 1960s," which is 1) a code phrase for crazy, bomb-throwing radical, and 2) an updated version of an older man wagging a finger in a younger man's face and informing him he was in diapers when the older guy was already a sage and a power.

So far, though, Rozelle clearly holds sway. He not only has his constituency clearly behind him, but also, as players' union president Len Hauss ruefully points out, "Some players are so in awe of Rozelle that I've literally seen them fall over each other trying to get close to him and shake his hand." Garvey is a perfect foil for the commissioner, too, and the press remains solidly with the NFL. This is especially true in the crunch, when the players strike, as it seems they will do again in the summer of 1982. Football writers are paid, foremost, to cover football games, and when the union threatens to do away with games, the union should not be surprised about where most writers' sympathies lie.

But in one respect the union and the NFL are at a standoff—at calling each other socialists. They're both about right, too. How strange that pro football—that bastion of free enterprise, of the rugged American hero and entrepreneur—is now surely the safest, most cooperative venture in American commerce. The men who pioneered the NFL were gamblers (literally and otherwise), dreamers, tough cookies, schemers—for all their weaknesses and personal foibles, bold and venturesome men. Bert Bell, Rozelle's immediate predecessor, set the television table for Rozelle. Bell had great vision; he pretty much saw, in fact, what Rozelle would accomplish with the league after his death. With Rozelle, though, what will he turn over to his successor but a schedule of when to call on the networks?

After 20 golden years under Rozelle's command, the NFL is Sunday's mutual fund. Along with the scores every Monday, they ought to give a quotation on the league as a unit: up a quarter, down three-eighths, unchanged, mixed in moderate trading. The people who bet on the games ought to be catered to; they take more risks than the ones who own the games. All teams share equally in television revenues and those from various other group enterprises. Incidentally, the franchises do not gain extra profit by winning in the post-season play—losers and winners alike share in the playoff games. Indeed, it frequently costs teams money to go to the Super Bowl; that is your punishment for being different, for being one of two winners instead of 26 losers. Whereas home teams keep 100% of the gate in basketball and hockey and 80% in baseball, NFL home teams keep only 60%—and but 50% in exhibitions.

Schedules are doctored in ways so that the weak sisters get to play each other more often, and the better teams knock heads more frequently—thus penalizing them for their efficiency and success. The players union is doing its part in this trend by pressing for strict wage schedules based on seniority, so that talent will count for naught—only seniority. And lest players try to salvage some individuality, the league has established more stringent rules as to how players must wear their uniforms and what numbers they may bear. Teams gain no reward by bidding for free agents, and the commissioner will get none by pressing for black coaches. There is no reason to change anything. Perhaps this is what happens when you take your leader and raise him above the fray. Pretty soon, human nature being what it is, nobody in the organization wants to get down in the trenches and think or act with courage or originality.

But that is not to say the NFL won't keep on getting better and fatter and richer. Under Rozelle, it always has. "It's not just a matter of me being 'good at negotiating,'" he says. "We've delivered. That's what I take pride in. We have always been able to go back and show that we gave what we promised."

For now, then, it would not be wise to be inattentive. The smart money would still say, give the points and take Rozelle.

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PICTURES

Sir

In all the years I have been reading sports magazines, including 25 years of SI, I have never seen the equal of the color photograph in your Jan. 7 issue—especially the four pictures of the Tampa Bay-Philadelphia playoff game (Turnover in Tampa Bay).

W. BEN JACKSON
Florissant, Mo.

Sir

The photograph showing the Tampa Bay Bucs' reaction after recovering an Eagles' fumble is the best I have seen in your magazine ever, and I'm a charter subscriber. Photographer Heinz Klutmeier has brought the viewer right onto the field, almost inside the play—a fabulous shot.

Your other photos in this issue also are tops; they enhance the pleasure of the reader on almost every page.

FRANK N. PIERCE
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir

The only thing missing from that great shot of Tampa Bay's blitzing Lee Roy Selmon is his cape.

MIKE DIELOVANY
Chicago

SIGNALS

Sir

San Diego Coach Don Coryell found it hard to believe that Houston would steal San Diego's signals (*The Stolen Signals Caper*, Jan. 7), but such plays are to be expected when so many specialized assistant coaches are hired by every team. Through the years, football has become far more technical and complicated than it needs to be. It is a simple sport and should be governed by one simple rule: keep the game on the field of play.

We Kansas City-area residents spent many enjoyable seasons watching Quarterback Len Dawson lead the Chiefs to two AFL championships and one Super Bowl victory while culling his own plays. The lesson of the Houston-San Diego game is obvious: the NFL must bar continual coaching from the sidelines or face the specter of computer play-calling, more signal-stealing and, ultimately, a Watergate-type bugging of opposing locker rooms.

SCOTT GYLLBERG
Prairie Village, Kan.

Sir

As far as I'm concerned, the Oilers simply outplayed San Diego. Stolen signals don't help you block field goals or execute a 47-yard touchdown pass play.

BOB ESTHER
St. Louis

Sir

San Diego lost only a game. Houston lost its honor.

ROBERT S. CALLA
San Diego

CHIP HILTON

Sir

Jack McCallum's tribute to Clair Bee and his legendary Chip Hilton series (*A Hero for All Times*, Jan. 7) was a fitting accolade for a writer whose influence over a generation of sports-books enthusiasts is not only immeasurable but also without rival.

As both an English teacher and a librarian, I couldn't disagree more with the statement of Grosset & Dunlap's Dave Lande: "Kids don't read sports fiction anymore." It has been my experience in eight years of teaching that students from the fourth grade up devour any reading material even remotely related to sports. I am sure that if books such as Bee's were available, they would be read. I can think of few better gifts to give to my own son when he becomes old enough to read than Bee's stories about Coach Hank Rockwell and Chip Hilton.

DANNY BRIGHTWELL
Bellefonte, Ark.

Sir

No writer has had a more profound effect on my thought processes and development than Clair Bee. Thank you, SI and Jack McCallum, for extolling the virtues of Chip Hilton. That issue of SI is now carefully tucked away with my Chip Hilton library, awaiting the day when my son is old enough to learn the same lessons of life from Bee that have been so important to me.

MICHAEL F. FERRIN
Glastonbury, Conn.

Sir

Many thanks for Jack McCallum's sensitive look back at Chip Hilton and his creator, Clair Bee. I remember reading only one of Bee's 23 volumes, but I was so taken by it that 20 years later it remains an indelible part of my growing up. Inasmuch as the subject of the story was Chip's struggle with an ambitious, unscrupulous assistant coach whose forte was recruiting ineligible athletes, that book has come to mind more than once recently as I've read SI's reports on the current scandals in college sports.

ROBERT C. NEWMAN
Brooklyn

Sir

At last, out of the closet! Jack McCallum's article on Chip Hilton has allowed this 29-year-old lawyer to admit to all that he still reads Clair Bee's series religiously. I suspect

there are thousands of others like me who, because of the article, have been able to come above ground. My wife has even changed her opinion of Chip somewhat, and her comment upon seeing the article—"I'm glad to see someone else is as nuts as you are"—has given me the courage to openly begin my seventh reading of the series.

JAMES M. DAY
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir

Jack McCallum's wonderful reminiscence of the Chip Hilton stories reminds me that they were largely responsible for my getting married. Having read the books as a little girl, my future wife would ask her dates whether they too had read them, apparently making that her test of worthiness (as well she might). I was the first one who answered yes.

ARTHUR H. MILCH
Attorney-at-Law
Cincinnati, N.J.

Sir

Chip Hilton truly is a hero for all times and one must wonder if there are any athletes like him still out there somewhere. As Clair Bee said, "Yes, I believe there are." I have to believe it.

BRUCE SIGMON
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir

The only disappointing aspect of the article on Clair Bee's 23 novels was discovering that there really was a Chip Hilton. For years my brother and I have searched for Chip among the athletes we've met, only to find even the best candidates either lacking a little in athletic ability or possessing a slight character flaw that prevented them from measuring up to our hero. We've met people who personify Coach Hank Rockwell and Chip's buddy, Speed Morris, but never a Chip Hilton. And now Jack McCallum reveals that Bob Davies was the prototype for William (Chip) Hilton Jr. Next you'll be telling us that there really is a 10!

TOM SCHAEFER
Baltimore

Sir

As one who has confronted Bob Davies on a tennis court, I can well understand why Clair Bee selected him as the prototype for Chip Hilton. Bob remains a top athlete, a fierce competitor and a model human being.

LARRY BRAVERMAN
Resid., Va.

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